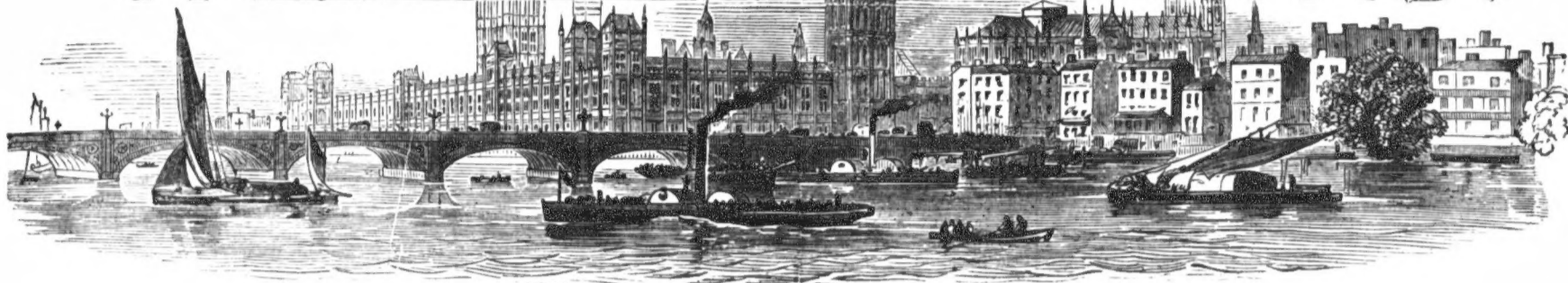


THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER.

THE CONSTABLE SHOT BY THE FENIANS.

The greatest atrocity perpetrated by the handful of ruffians that have been making a stir in Ireland, recently, is the attempted assassination of the constable, Duggan. The Government has offered £500 for the apprehension of the man who fired the shot, but it is generally believed that this will have no effect. The Irish peasants hold very strong opinions upon this head. They will not give their support to the so-called Fenian rising, but it is said that they will have nothing whatever to do with blood-money. At the same time there are many persons, evidently well-informed, who do not scruple to address anonymous letters to the Government, which are the means of frustrating the movements of the Fenians.

It is to be hoped that the man who shot poor Duggan may be got at through some anonymous correspondent eventually, if the

Irish people, indeed, have such scruples as they are accredited with. However, we have our own opinion upon this head.

The unfortunate constable is lingering yet, but is said to be in a very precarious condition.

Artot's presence in Berlin is a fortune for the Italian theatre there. In the space of three weeks she has sung ten times with the most commendable effect. The Queen of Prussia specially felicitated her.

We are enabled to state, upon good authority, that this season the theatrical world will be considerably startled, and probably much amused, by certain revelations ancient things dramatic of which a clever actor at the Olympic and a well-known comic litterateur are the authors.

RIVALRY.

The fine-art engraving on page 41, is from a painting by Mr. W. C. Thomas, an able and earnest painter. He has here treated his subject in a highly judicious manner as to costume, expression, and tone. The pleasantest figure is the centre one, of the successful rival, who, as a beau of the fourteenth century, holds a rose daintily to his nose with one hand, and a lute in the other. The two female figures, who are exciting the "rivalry," are noble in their dignity of carriage, while the expression of hate on the face of the despised lover is all that could be desired.

The new Liberal "Whip," Mr. Brand, will be succeeded by the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower, brother to Earl Granville.



THE CONSTABLE SHOT BY THE FENIANS.

THE TALKING HOUSE.

BY THE PARLIAMENTARY PUNDIT.

THERE can be no question that since Mr. Walpole's accession to office, he has led a life not wholly untinged with activity, if not anxiety. The tumult attending Reform, has been followed by what the press called during the recess, "Fenian rumours." Latterly these rumours have taken a distinct form, and the intended attack upon Chester Castle was followed with alarming celerity by a rising in Kerry. On Thursday week, Mr. Walpole, in an exhaustive, if not elaborate speech, informed the House that the wires of the telegraph between Valentia and Killarney, had been cut by supposed rebels; that a coastguard station had been attacked, and that an orderly had been shot at. Lord Naas, the Secretary for Ireland, was despatched to Dublin, and Lord Strathnairn was not long in following him. The importance of the crisis is at once marked by the immediate despatch of the Commander-in-Chief. The Government, however, were so satisfied that their timely precautions would be attended with success, that Mr. Walpole, in reply to Mr. Bagwell, ridiculed the idea that armed steamers, containing their full complement of warriors in green uniforms, had been seen hovering off the coast of the Emerald Isle. Later in the evening, Mr. Disraeli assumed a most praiseworthy attitude with respect to the Jamaica prosecutions. Major Jervis was in common parlance "snubbed," and told, in language plain and unmistakable, that it was the duty of the Government to defend the officers now under indictment for their conduct in Jamaica. It was after this that Lord Robert Montague, irrepressible as ever, inquired if the Ministry were honest and sincere in their intention to bring in a bill to remodel the electoral franchise and give the collective atoms which form what is irreverently termed the "great unwashed" a part in the Constitution. Lord Robert slyly hinted that if a candid reply was received, it might make all the difference in the votes on the Resolutions. The result was that Mr. Disraeli gave the House to understand that if the Resolutions were passed a Reform Bill would at once be brought in, as it would be a disgrace to the Ministry not to do so. When the actual business of the evening came on the Chancellor of the Exchequer made his first essay in finance: he reduced the duties on sugar, and placed on a proper footing the drawbacks on refined sugar. This was in compliance with the terms of a convention between England, France, Belgium, and Holland. In strict fairness we must admit that this measure was inaugurated by the late Government, and therefore met with no opposition from those who don't now hold the reins of Government. The question of the abolition of Capital Punishment was introduced, and a general impression in favour of executions within the walls of gaols seemed to prevail. The Government scheme of Parliamentary Reform was first palpably attacked on Friday week, and who was the dissident member ambitious of breaking a lance with M. Disraeli? No other than Mr. H. J. Baillie. It may not be generally known that Mr. Baillie was once an ardent Conservative. It is a fact that he was a member of Lord Derby's first two Ministries. Why should he show fight against his ancient friends? Is it because he has not a seat in the present Cabinet? Can sordid motives sway the mind of a public man? It is possible, for this is a degenerate age. It will be remembered that the fifth Resolution of the Ministerial scheme seeks to establish the principle of a plurality of votes. Mr. Baillie moved an amendment, which meant, in effect, that no voter should have more than one vote. The House did not seem unusually excited, and there appears at present to be no organised opposition to Government, whatever there may be afterwards. The leaders of the party which broke up on the rock of Reform seem to be irresolute and unable to decide upon a course of action which will be profitable to themselves and acceptable to the country; for, after all, the public at large, including the sensible middle class, must be pleased and propitiated, or no Government can long stay in office, and were the Liberal-Radical party to regain their old places by some trick or conspiracy, they would meet with little support from either the press or the people. On Monday the Peer's box in the Talking House was unusually full, which denoted that something out of the ordinary routine was about to take place. In the box we noticed Earls Russell, and Granville, and de Grey, the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Halifax, whom our readers will remember under the designation of Sir Charles Wood. When the historian of the Crimea rose, the mystery was solved, for he gave notice of a motion urging the Government to make definite proposals for the settlement of Reform with all convenient speed. It is undeniable that this individual suggestion of Mr. Kinglake's met with favour from both sides of the House. Members are tired of the subject and would be unutterably glad to see it settled, as Mr. Lowe says in the *Times*, for this generation. Worry and excitement within the House, to the prejudice of legitimate business, intimidation, and coercion without, do not allow a Member of Parliament to lay his head easily upon his pillow, and it is to be hoped that this Session may be an end of the *bête noir* of the last decade. Lord Naas had apparently returned from his mission, for he introduced his Land Bills for Ireland. The Secretary has a peculiar manner of his own. It may be called ponderous, but it is at the same time business-like, and members listen to him, if he does not command rapt attention. Mr. Seely is well known for his unremitting efforts to effect a reform in the administration of the affairs of the Admiralty. On Tuesday night it was understood that he would draw the attention of the House to the Admiralty organization. Those who were in the lobby at an early hour, heard rumours of there being a difficulty to form a House; but all at once members came in with a rush, so it was evident that some interest was felt in the forthcoming speech, which was not altogether complimentary to the Duke of Somerset. Sir John Pakington replied humorously to his strictures, and some laughter was excited by the mention of Seely's pigs, as the blocks of iron with which a certain dockyard was paved are termed. It was officially stated that a new officer to attend to the working of the dockyards, financially and operatively, has been appointed. The debate monopolized the attention of the house during the best part of the sitting, which was chiefly remarkable for the very briefest speech that Mr. Horsman has been known to utter, which is the more remarkable because the hon. member is rather fond of bringing discussion, if he does not rise so often in his place as the "Radical Member" for the Tower Hamlets, or the leader of the "Pope's Own," Mr. Hennessy, who perhaps is not so much missed by the House in his involuntary exile, as he deserves to be. A few words about a law of Charles II.'s reign, respecting hawking goods on Sunday, caused the House to rise and soon nothing was to be seen but empty benches.

The Royal Musical Institute of Florence offered a prize this year for an overture with full orchestra. This was gained by M. Eugene Chabrier of Paris.

SOCIETY:

Its Facts and its Rumours.

WE believe we are not premature in announcing that the Divorce Court is about to furnish Lady Grundy with the most delightfully shocking bit of scandal that has been heard for a considerable period. By a mere accident we are in possession of certain facts relating to the matter; but it is due to the fair petitioner in the coming action as much as to the hoary-headed respondent that we should reserve the more interesting scraps of our information until the reporters have set to their work in the Court of Probate and Divorce. However, we are at liberty to disclose the immediate cause of the coming action, since it is in a slight degree already public.

On Sunday night a gentleman (whom for convenience we may denominate B.), riding first class express to Stroud, got into a chat with a fellow passenger, an old gentleman with snow-white hair, ruddy cheeks, and, generally, of most venerable aspect; and they smoked a cigar together in good fellowship. The old gentleman was accompanied by a fair girl of seventeen summers—a beautiful creature, whom B. tacitly understood to be the daughter of his agreeable *compagnon du voyage*. B. was eloquent upon the beauty of the young lady, as upon her retiring yet winning demeanour. We hope to give a graphic description of her, later; for the present we have it upon B.'s authority that she is flaxen-headed, has a beautifully pink-and-white complexion, pearly teeth, and blue eyes. B. was in Paradise for the journey. Judge then of his joy when, upon returning the same evening, he got into the same carriage with his former companions. The old gentleman was amiable as ever, but now devoted more attention to his daughter than before. Upon arriving at the London Bridge station B. jumped out and assisted the young lady to alight, and then, lending a hand to the old gentleman, he raised his hat with the grace of a Chesterfield, and was departing when a shrill cry caused him to turn round. A lady, elegantly attired, had rushed up and fallen tooth and nail upon the fair girl with the locks of gold; and the two fought a tiger-duel until their garments were in tatters. The elder lady wore a very costly cloak of real seal-skin which was torn piecemeal—ergo, the gentle girl must have defended herself with some resolution. B. was some time guessing what the reader has doubtless divined before this: that the last comer was the wife of the venerable old gentleman, whose youthful folly in the winter of life has brought and will bring him into an unpleasantly prominent position with the public.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge had a dinner party on Saturday, at her residence in the Ambassador's Court, St. James's Palace.

The Earl of Pembroke is recovering from a severe attack of measles.

The Earl Percy has left Albury Park, Surrey, to visit the Duke of Northumberland at Torquay.

The Earl of Dalkeith, M.P., left town on Thursday week, to join the Countess and family at Bowhill, Selkirkshire.

The Countess of Powis and Lady Harriet Herbert have left town for Walcot Hall, Salop.

Viscount and Viscountess Boyle had a dinner party on Saturday evening at their residence in Belgrave-square.

Lord and Lady Sudfield and family have arrived at 4, Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, for the season.

Sir William Alexander has left town for the South of France.

Mrs. Thomas Ralli's dances took place on Tuesday, the 19th, and Friday, the 22nd inst.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Paul have arrived at the South Kensington Hotel, Queen's-gate-terrace, South Kensington.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce have left the South Kensington Hotel, Queen's-gate-terrace.

The death of Captain John James Moore, R.N., has been reported at Whitehall.

Captain Lord Charles Bruce is about to retire from the 1st Life Guards. Lieutenant C. W. Duncombe and Sub-Lieutenant Needham obtain their promotion by purchase.

George Peabody has made a donation of 1,000,000 dols. in cash and another 1,000,000 dols. in Mississippi Bonds for educating the youth of the South, without distinction of colour.

His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief holds a levée at one o'clock on Saturday, the 23rd inst. (today.)

We are sorry to state that Lord Colchester is so seriously ill as to excite the gravest fears of his family for his recovery.

We are informed the contemplated marriage between an Irish nobleman and a Greek heiress of great personal attractions is abandoned.

Mr. Waddington, the Under-Secretary for the Home Department, has so far recovered as to be able to transact public business at his own residence.

We are extremely sorry to announce that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has been suffering from acute rheumatism; at the same time it is satisfactory to learn that there is no symptom to cause anxiety.

The Duchess of Inverness received their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Cambridge, and Princess Mary, Princess of Teck, at dinner on Friday evening, at Kensington Palace. A select and distinguished party had the honour to meet the illustrious guests.

The marriage of Miss Constance Lennox, eldest daughter of Lady Arthur Lennox, and Mr. George Russell, brother of Sir Charles Russell, Bart., of Swallowfield, Reading, is fixed to take place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, the 5th of March.

We understand that there is no truth whatever in the rumour that Mr. Dudley Field is to supersede Mr. Adams as American Minister. The latter gentleman is highly admired and respected by all classes in this country for his acknowledged moderation and good sense. Why, then, should there be a change?

The following regiments will visit Aldershot during the summer months. Cavalry—2nd Life Guards, 1st Dragoon Guards, and 14th Hussars. Infantry—Two battalions of the Foot Guards, stationed in London, and the following regiments of the line, 40th, 43rd, 44th, 68th, 70th, 72nd (Highlanders), and the 80th Foot.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., will take the chair at the annual meeting of the Royal National

Lifeboat Institution on the 28th inst., at two o'clock, in the Mansion House, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor. His lordship has invited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh to *déjeuner* at the close of the meeting.

According to the French papers, a fight took place the other evening at the American ball at Paris between a Yankee and one of our "lively neighbours." The cause of quarrel was a picture. The Frenchman asked the Yankee "Who that gentleman was in the cocked hat?" The Yankee answered, "Washington," the father of his people. The Frenchman imprudently said, "An Englishman, I believe?" And the Yankee replied (according to our Gallic contemporaries) with a blow and a "Goddem."

On Saturday morning his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Prince de Teck, and attended by Major Teesdale and suite, left Windsor Castle for London. Their Royal Highnesses, who had dined at the Spital Cavalry Barracks with Colonel Baillie and the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, slept in the private apartments of the Palace on Friday night, with the intention of hunting with the Prince of Wales's harriers on Saturday. Their Royal Highnesses were, however, disappointed of their sport, for at about eleven o'clock a telegram was received at the Castle requiring the immediate presence of the Prince of Wales in London, on account of the rumoured illness of the Princess.

The sudden departure of Miss F—I-d-n-B—ks for the Continent has excited much surprise in fashionable circles; and many unpleasant rumours have been fostered in connection with that erratic young lady. We may at once mention that we are in possession of some curious facts relating to this matter; but for the moment our lips are sealed. We trust, however, that we shall be enabled to speak boldly in our next issue, and so refute the calumnies, absurd as they are vicious; circulated by certain designing persons, who need not be further particularized, with a view to cast a stigma upon the honourable gentleman who is by law the protector of the ill-advised lady. A word from us will, we trust, show that the mud thrown by the unscrupulous calumniators sticks only to themselves.

On Saturday morning his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who, after his visit to Windsor Steeplechases, dined at the Spital Cavalry Barracks with Colonel Baillie and the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, and slept at Windsor Castle, received a telegram from London requiring his immediate return to Marlborough House, on account of the sudden illness of the Princess of Wales. His Royal Highness was to have gone out hunting in the company of the Prince de Teck, with the Royal harriers at Langley, near Slough, in the morning, and every preparation had been made; but on the reception of the telegram orders were despatched to the Windsor terminus of the Great Western Railway to get ready a special train. Within a quarter of an hour the train was in readiness, an engine having been telegraphed for from Slough, and at 11:20 a.m. the Prince of Wales and Prince de Teck left Windsor for the metropolis, the Royal party reaching Paddington at noon.

Lady Stanley of Alderley had an assembly on the same night, at her residence, in Grosvenor-street. Among her ladyship's leading visitors were the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Count Apponyi, Baron de Cetto, the Marquis d'Azeglio, M. and Madame Bulow, the Earl and Countess of Cork, the Countess Russell, the Marquis of Clanricarde, Viscount and Viscountess Monck, the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, M.P., and Frances Countess Waldegrave, Lord Houghton, Lord de Malahide, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Major the Hon. A. H. Anson, M.P., the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P., and Mrs. Lowe, the Right Hon. Edward and Mrs. Cardwell, the Right Hon. Thos. Milner Gibson, the Right Hon. J. G. Goschen, M.P., the Right Hon. Edmund Hammond, Sir R. Collier, M.P., Sir John Ogilvy, M.P., Mr. Layard, M.P., Mr. Trevelyan, M.P., Mr. Gregory, M.P., Mr. Butler-Johnstone, M.P., Hon. Mrs. and Miss Brand, Mr. Bathurst, M.P., Mr. H. R. Greenfell, M.P., Mr. Kinglake, M.P., Mr. A. Seymour, M.P., &c.

The Countess of Derby had an assembly on Saturday night, 16th inst., at the family mansion, in St. James's-square. Previously to the reception the noble Earl and Countess received a select circle at dinner. Covers were laid for eighteen. Among the members of the corps diplomatique and foreigners of rank present in the evening were the Ambassadors of Austria, Russia, France, and Prussia; the Ministers of Bavaria, Italy, United States, Denmark, Sweden, and the Hanse Towns; the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires, Prince Ouroussow, the Marquis and Marchioness San Germano, the Marquis Caumont de la Force, Count Paumgarten, Count Maffei, Count Kalechoky, Viscount de Virrel, M. Paul Musurus, Mr. Hy. Adams, &c. Among the general company were: the Duke of Montrose, Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Longford, the Earl and Countess of Belmore, the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, the Earl Cadogan, Viscount Newport, Viscount and Viscountess Cranborne, Lord Wharfedale, Lord and Lady John Manners, Lord Wentworth, Lord and Lady Saltoun, Lord and Lady Elcho, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Chelmsford, Lord Dunkellin, M.P., the Right Hon. Stephen Cave, M.P., the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., the Right Hon. Edmund Hammond, the Right Hon. Sir Thos. Fremantle, Major the Hon. A. H. Anson, M.P., Col. Hon. Charles Lindsay, M.P., Hon. Thos. de Grey, M.P., Hon. Ralph Dutton, M.P., Sir Percy Burrell, M.P., Sir H. Bruce, M.P., Sir James and Lady Emerson Tennent, Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar, Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir James Fergusson, M.P., Sir Daniel Gooch, M.P., Mr. C. W. Wynn, M.P., Mr. A. A. Bathurst, M.P., Mr. A. Beresford-Hope, M.P., Mr. Du Cane, M.P., Mr. Kelk, M.P., Mr. Eaton, M.P., Mr. Newdegate, M.P., Mr. B. Cochrane, M.P., &c.

A very amusing story *apropos* of the late Reform Demonstration is "going the round of the clubs." A certain learned serjeant-at-law, as celebrated for his extreme political views as for his love for the drama, delivered an eloquent oration on Monday last, in one of the houses in Charing Cross, in favour of the "people's cause," to the great edification of a circle of admiring friends. The oration concluded, the learned serjeant, having to make his way to Westminster Hall, left the house and walked into Trafalgar-square. He was at once mobbed by the clients he had just been defending, and eased of his watch, purse, and cigar-case! Well, he can console himself with the maxim, "*publicum bonum privato est preferendum*."

We grieve to hear that the venerable Sir George Smart is seriously ill. The musical knight is upwards of four-score and ten years of age, and is highly respected by all persons who have known him during his long reign among English musicians.

LONDON GOSSIP.

SCARCELY a week passes without a few cases appearing in print of the spoliation of the green provincial, or slow-going cockney by the large community who live on their wits, either through the medium of skittles, sporting wagers, advertisements, employment swindles, mock auctions, loan offices, &c., &c., until you wonder how these swindling kites contrive to find fresh victims. That this state of things should make us a little over-cautious is not to be wondered at, and we are pleased to record that the writer of the letter headed "Caution," which appeared in the *Times* of the 16th inst., has been, to say the least, too hasty in his warning. Mr. J. Hullett, of Clarence Lodge, Cosham, Hants, recently addressed a letter to our great contemporary respecting the virtues of Chinese sugar-grass as a cheap food—and a most valuable suggestion it was at the present time of distress—in which letter he generously offered to forward any one a few seeds of the sugar grass on receipt of a stamped envelope. One applicant, not receiving a sufficiently prompt reply, deemed it his duty to caution the public, upon which Col. J. D. Shakspear writes to say that Mr. Hullett forwarded him twenty-five seeds within ten days of his application, and that the gift was accompanied by a short note to this effect:—"Sow in March. The number of applicants exceeds 9,000. I can't reply to all at once."

We should think not. Mr. Hullett's bit of philanthropy has called down upon his kind head a terrible visitation. The spirit of his brief note shows that he is worthy of our highest admiration, not simply for his philanthropy, but for his moral courage in tackling 9,000 letters!

Britons are naturally shy and reserved, and we fear that the bad return that Mr. Hullett was like to have received for his labours may deter many a compatriot from making a good notion public. It is with much pleasure that we give Col. Shakspear's letter, vindicating Mr. Hullett's sincerity, the benefit of our wide circulation.

The proceedings of the committee on the re-organisation of the civil departments of the army have been delayed, in consequence of the absence of the President, Lord Strathnairn, in Ireland. We believe that the committee have agreed upon their recommendations, but the questions relating to the expense of the new arrangements have not yet been disposed of.

Forty Fenians stopped a single mounted constable, interrogated him, and then permitted him to resume his course, for the purpose, it appears, of being quietly shot at from behind, when he was unprepared. This is a glorious trait in the character of these disturbers of the public peace, and shows what courageous, lion-hearted enthusiasts they are in the cause of liberty. Yet, so small an opinion do we entertain of their claims upon public consideration for their heroism, that we hope they will find a fitting reward in the shape of the polite attention of Mr. Calcraft.

We understand that a motion to the following effect is in contemplation among the Liberal party:—"That the method of dealing with the question of Reform by her Majesty's Ministers is unsatisfactory, and does not secure the confidence of the House." To whom will be entrusted the "agreeable" task of submitting this proposition we are not at present aware; but after Earl Russell's pretty performance in the matter of Sir Fitzroy Kelly the other day, it would, if such were possible, be advisable to call him back to the Commons for one night only, just to show that he has not quite lost his ancient facility for doing the dirty work of his party.

The returns asked for by Mr. Gladstone respecting the sums expended upon small arms in each financial year from 1851-2 to 1865-6, have just been published. It appears that within the years specified the total amount voted was £6,643,935, and the sums expended amounted in the aggregate to £5,517,922. The number of muskets or carbines manufactured within the same time was 1,479,152, and the number converted 61,013. All the conversions, except 90, occurred between the years 1851 and 1858. Mr. Gladstone also asked for a return giving similar information respecting small arms manufactured or converted in the same years in Prussia. Instead of returns the parliamentary paper contains the following note: "It has been ascertained that no small arms have been converted in Prussia, it being considered impracticable to convert the percussion musket into the needle gun in use in the Prussian army: and objections are entertained by the Prussian Government to the publication in a parliamentary return of the further particulars required."

A young lady has eloped from Staines with her grandmother's manservant. In the course of one day last week a man from Uxbridge called at the house, and inquired for the young lady, saying that he had brought her "wedding ring." It was then elicited that the manservant had ordered the ring. He was called to account, and immediately discharged. In the evening about eight o'clock, the young lady was missing; a search was instituted, and a letter was found in her room, stating that she would return in a few days. Police-sergeant Allison was communicated with, but as the last up-train had left Staines, there was no chance of overtaking the fugitives, who, it appears, had ridden to Ashford Station, on the South-Western Railway, in a cart, and thence by a train to Feltham, where they engaged a cab to take them to Twickenham. Here all traces were lost. Sergeant Allison, however, discovered at Waterloo Station two boxes, sent from Staines the same evening, and these were detained. The lady is about 17, and the man about 25 years of age.

In the House of Lords, on the 4th of March, Earl Russell will move that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that there be laid before the House—1. A list, in alphabetical order, of the cities and boroughs in England and Wales returning members to Parliament previously to the passing of the Act 2 and 3 Will. IV., cap. 45, and stating the nature of the suffrage existing in each city and borough. 2. A return showing the number of electors in each city and borough in England and Wales for 1855-66, classed according to the several qualifications in respect of which they are entitled to vote; and the number of such electors who come within the description of mechanics, artisans, and other persons supporting themselves by daily manual labour, classed in like manner. 3. The number of electors made out from the foregoing return, distinguishing those who come within the description of mechanics, artisans, and other persons supporting themselves by daily manual labour in the cities and boroughs entitled to return members to Parliament before the passing of the Reform Act, and distinguishing the mechanics, artisans, and other working men entitled to vote as scot and lot voters, potwallers, and other ancient right qualifications, from those entitled to vote as free-men or as £10 occupiers. 4. A similar return of mechanics, artisans, &c., in cities and boroughs entitled to return members to Parliament for the first time by the Act 2 and 3 Will. IV., cap. 45; and also in the borough of Birkenhead.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

The rumour that disturbances had broken out at Pesth is wholly unfounded.

Lord Stanley has appointed Mr. Charles Lever, the well-known author, who has for some years filled the appointment of consul at Spezzia, as consul at Trieste.

Nice is at the present moment graced by a reunion of artists, who give the musical season much animation; and several concerts have been attended with great success.

It is said that Rubinstein will leave Russia in May next and take up his residence in Germany. What town he will choose for his abode is only known to the artist himself.

King George has gone to Cephalonia to visit the scene of the recent earthquake. The intelligence received at Athens states that several towns and villages of that island are in ruins.

News received from Clausenburg states that the Governor of Transylvania has prohibited the illuminations and festivities which were to have taken place to celebrate the appointment of a Hungarian Ministry.

The Captain-General of Madrid has issued an ordinance declaring that all editors and printers publishing clandestine journals or pamphlets, or persons furnishing funds for that purpose, will be liable to the penalty of death.

Count von der Goltz, the Prussian Ambassador in Paris is said to have communicated a note to the Marquis de Moustier on Thursday last, declaring that Prussia completely shares the views of the French Government on the Eastern question.

An opera by Gollmick and J. Muck entitled the *Nazarenes at Pompeii*, has, at its first production in Darmstadt, obtained a great success, contributed to by the presence of a number of foreigners, whom its reputation sufficed to draw from all parts. The execution was very satisfactory: all the artists and composer were called after the first and third acts.

Mexican news published here, dated 2nd inst., via Galveston, states that Ortega would be tried by court-martial. Miramon and Mejia were marching on San Luis Potosi with 7,000 men, with orders from the Emperor Maximilian to risk a battle. It was stated that if the Imperialists were victorious he would call an election, and if not he would leave for Europe.

Further reduction of postage on letters for the Papal States. On the 15th inst., and thenceforward, the combined British and foreign postage on letters addressed to the Papal States, and forwarded *via* France, will be reduced to 6d. for each quarter of an ounce. Universal penny postage is gradually approaching. It ought to come this year.

The journals of Salamanca speak of the explosion of a considerable quantity of gunpowder in a house in the Calle di Batilleros. Three little boys and two women were killed, and four other persons wounded. Two houses were knocked down, the posts of the telegraph were broken, and much damage done to the adjoining tenements. Nothing is said of the probable cause of the disaster.

Mr. W. J. Linton, who has long held a leading position among the wood-engravers of Great Britain, lately arrived in New York, and received from the members of the Wood Engravers' Society a hospitable welcome. He intends to remain in the United States for some time, and his services have been secured by Frank Leslie for his *Illustrated Paper*.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war announces that the Brazilian squadron had made a reconnaissance off Curupaity. The Brazilian vessels were received with a brisk fire, which caused great damage to their gunboats, one of which, the *Paraiabas*, exploded. The Brazilians subsequently bombarded the Paraguayan camp. Senator Ferraz is dead.

A curious circumstance was noticed at the recent opening of the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Finland. After the Governor had read the opening speech in the Russian language, the Senator Peterson gave it in Swedish and Finnish. The Marshal of the country replied in the name of the nobility, in French; the speaker of the citizen class in Swedish, and that of the peasants in Finnish.

Joseph Karam has arrived at Marseilles, and has paid visits to the authorities of that town, to whom he is said to have expressed his profound gratitude towards the French nation. Visits have been paid by the Eastern notables of Marseilles. He leaves for Algiers on Thursday next. During his stay at Alexandria he received visits from the chief inhabitants of all religious persuasions.

A telegraphic despatch from Liege states that all hopes have now entirely vanished of saving the twenty men and one woman buried in the Bon Buvard mine. A fresh eruption of gas took place in the air shaft on the 14th, and the lives of the workmen engaged in endeavouring to rescue the unfortunate captives were in danger. In consequence, the works undertaken to reach the men below have of necessity been stopped.

The official and semi-official journals express approval of the portions of the Emperor Napoleon's speech from the throne referring to foreign affairs. They declare that if an understanding has been arrived at between the European Cabinets on the Eastern question, Russia has not changed a single principle of her Eastern policy; on the contrary, it is evident that the European Powers acknowledge Russia's disinterestedness, and have resolved to assimilate their policy to that of the Russian Government.

The Prussians will evacuate Dresden by the 1st of July, but will retain possession of Leipsic, Bautzen, and Koenigstein. The Saxon military contingent will form the 12th Federal Army Corps. Its commander-in-chief will be appointed by Prussia on Saxony's recommendation. The other general commanders will be appointed by the King of Saxony in conjunction with Prussia. The Saxon Chambers have been prorogued until November. The King of Prussia will probably open the North German Parliament in person.

The criminal Court of Turin is trying a case which is likely to feed the scandalous chronicle for a long time. A young and beautiful lady, a native of Vercelli, and reported to have been in the good graces of the highest personage in the kingdom, is accused of having committed a forgery. Being in want of cash she asked M. Malveon, a Turin banker, to discount a draft of King Victor Emmanuel for £120. The banker discounted it. The draft having arrived at maturity, it was discovered that it was forged. The trial is still going on.

The Moscow Committee for the Ethnographic Exhibition, to be held in the ancient capital of Russia this autumn, is actively engaged in collecting specimens of national dresses, implements, and curiosities, not only from all parts of Russia, but also from neighbouring countries. The Exhibition is to comprise all the various tribes of Slavonic descent, and from a political point of view, will be no less Austrian and Turkish than Russian. Even the Prussian Slavonians will not be forgotten, nor the few forlorn Vinidians, the last remnant of the once numerous aboriginals of Brandenburg and Saxony.

The ball at the Tuileries a few nights since was even more animated than the two preceding, and was prolonged far into the night. The Emperor and Empress entered the saloons at half-past ten, and did not withdraw till after midnight. Her Majesty wore a superb diadem of brilliants, in the middle of which being the magnificent diamond known as the Regent. The Emperor conversed for a considerable time with the Ambassadors of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, who formed a group around him. The Princess Mathilde was present. The two former Ministers, M. Béhic and Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat, were among the guests.

The Minister of Finance has submitted the ordinary and extraordinary budgets for 1868 to the Corps Legislatif. The ordinary income is estimated at 1,673,451,585*fr.*, and the expenditure at 1,548,775,621*fr.*, leaving a surplus of 124,675,964*fr.*, which is to be carried to the extraordinary budget of 1868. The Minister proposes to limit the issue of Treasury bonds to 150 millions, and the bonds of the Treasury of Public Works of Paris to 100 millions. In the extraordinary budget for 1868 the receipts are estimated at 146,672,630*fr.*, and the expenditure at 146,489,501*fr.*, leaving a surplus of 183,129*fr.*

The Italian Ministry has been reconstructed as follows:—Baron Ricasoli, President of the Ministry and Minister of the Interior; Signor Visconti Venosta, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Signor Depretis, Minister of Finance; Signor Devincenzi, Minister of Public Works; Signor Brancheri, Minister of Marine; Signor Correnti, Minister of Public Instruction; Signor Cordova, Minister of Agriculture; Signor Cugia, Minister of War. Signor Mari having declined to accept the portfolio of Grace and Justice, Baron Ricasoli will provisionally undertake the duties of that department. Signor Nervo, formerly member of the Chamber of Deputies, will, it is said, be appointed Secretary-General of the Ministry of Finance.

In a small place in the district of Coblenz, the Mayor sent round the public crier to proclaim, with the assistance of his bell, the following extraordinary communication:—"With the bell be it herewith proclaimed that on the 12th there is an election for Parliament, and Mr. Stumm is going to be elected." The following day, however, the opposition party engaged the same town crier to bell out as follows:—"With the bell be it herewith proclaimed that on the 12th there is an election for Parliament; Mr. Stumm, however, is not going to be elected, but Mr. Cetto is." The ancient town crier, who is also night watchman, added to this proclamation his own sentiments to the effect that "those who won't select either of these may just do they as like."

A shoemaker of Embrun (Hautes-Alpes), named Lelandais, has just brought an action to recover 10,000*fr.* damages from the Orleans Railway Company for a delay of a few hours in the delivery of a small parcel. The plaintiff had put in a tender for the supply of shoes to the navy, and had sent to Lorient, as patterns, two pairs, which arrived in the town by rail on the evening previous to the day of adjudication, and should have been sent to their destination early the following morning; they were not, however, delivered until after four in the afternoon, when the offer of M. Lelandais could no longer be received. The Court decided that a prejudice had been caused to the plaintiff by the neglect of the railway servants, but reduced the damages to 300*fr.*, which the company was ordered to pay with costs.

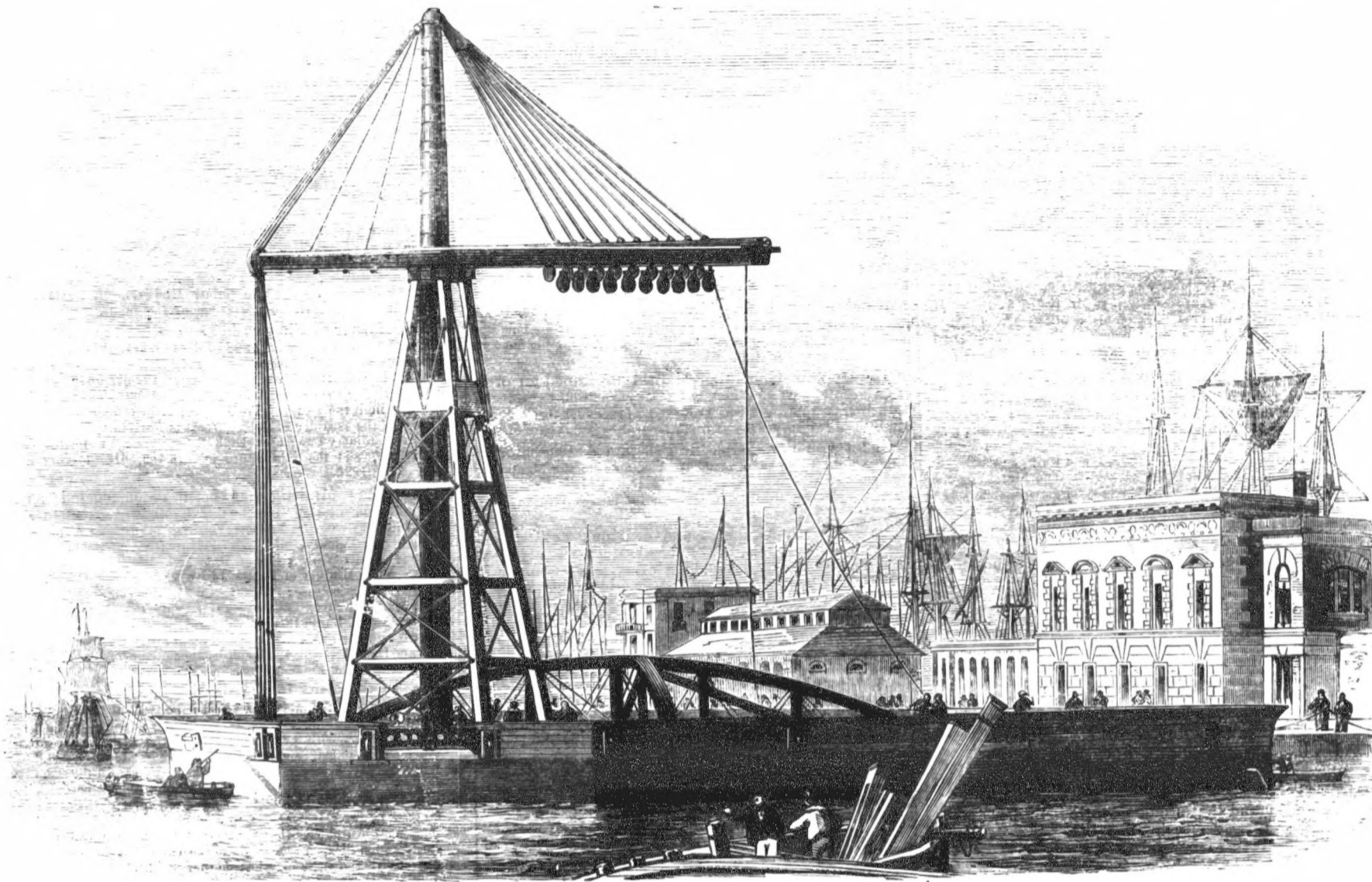
The literature of France and Poland has just suffered a loss in the person of M. Jean Czyski, better known by his *nom de plume* of Ernest Rollin, whose death took place a few days since in London, where he had resided for the last two years. From 1831 he had been a refugee from Poland, his native country, and chiefly lived in France. He was a member of the Société des Gens de Lettres of Paris, and author of numerous scientific historical works, as well as of several romances and plays which were produced at the Porte St. Martin. Among his works are the "History of Poland," "History of Russia," "Copernicus and his Labours," and "La Question des Juifs Polonais." He also largely contributed to the *Constitutionnel*, the *Gazette de France*, and other journals. His labours for the benefit of his native land and for the benefit of his fellow-exiles were incessant. He died at the age of sixty-five.

What does the Florence correspondent of the *Star* mean by giving the following statistics, which, he says, are quoted from the *Lombardia* of Milan?—"The number of artists of the two theatrical companies engaged for the present season in Italy and abroad amounts in all to 1,182. This regiment of *scritturali* belonging to the following companies of arms:—392 prime donne, 227 tenors, 179 baritons, 141 deep bassi, 68 buffi, 81 ballerine, 61 coreographic characters, and 30 mimickers. The number of the unengaged is not known. It must be tremendous. Three-fourths of the number are believed to be Italians." To what two theatrical companies does he refer? Does he venture to assert that any two companies in Italy or else where contain a *personnel* of 1182 between them, excluding the chorus? And what are "mimickers." Does the *Star* writer mean mimics? He is very slipshod in his facts.

LEIGH BOATS SHRIMPING.

At the mouth of the Thames, four miles west of Southend, is situated one of the most quaint, picturesque little villages on the English coast, the name of which is Leigh. It is inhabited entirely by fishermen, who work about and on the numerous sandbanks lying in the estuary of the Thames. Their chief occupation is catching shrimps. This they do throughout the summer months, and the smaller boats continue to do so throughout the winter. Shrimping boats are provided with a well, in which the fish are placed as soon as they are caught. Directly they are taken from this well, on the arrival at the boat of Leigh, they are placed in a copper of boiling sea-water and boiled at once; when cooled, they are forwarded to London as quick as possible. As many as a thousand gallons are sometimes forwarded to London in a single day; but the poor fishermen get little profit, as they do not realise more to them than threepence per gallon.

An English musician, professor of the pianoforte, who has enjoyed the privilege of seeing and hearing the music of Gounod's new opera, is in raptures with the treatment of the drama, and the scoring of the work generally. The opera is now in the hands of the copyist.



FLOATING DERRICK OFF BLACKWALL PIER.

THE FLOATING DERRICK.

ABOVE we give an engraving of this strange-looking craft—strange in shape, in make, in purpose—strange even in name. Mr. Bishop is the patentee of the machine; nevertheless, it is called a derrick, after no less a notorious individual than the first great Tyburn hangman, a man of mark in his way, and who for than a century gave his name to gibbets, as his successor in office, "Jack Ketch," has done to all future followers of his ghastly calling. From the peculiar crane-like conformation of Derrick's gibbet all similar cranes used on shipboard were called derricks of course, and the name has even lately been transferred to ordinary "shear legs." How the parent machine became possessed of the name of derrick is not so easily accounted for, unless from the fact of one of the first of Mr. Derrick's patents having been erected in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, New York, almost upon the very spot where, from the time of the first settlers, a veritable derrick had stood, and done good execution in its day. So much for the origin of the name, which is singular enough, though not more so than is required to be *en suite* with such a fierce-looking vessel. The whole thing is really a floating crane of gigantic size and power, the hull, its base, being of such a shape as best suits a light draught of water with a counterpoise to the leverage of the crane. It is rhomboidal in shape, flat bottomed, and all of wrought-iron of great strength and thickness. The ground plan of the hull, if we may so term it, resembles in its sub-divisions on a large scale the numerous square boxes of a compositor's type "case." The whole hull, from stem to stern and from deck to keel, is divided into eighty-seven small water-tight compartments, each of which is seventeen feet square and fourteen high. Those in the centre and immediately under the derrick or crane are used for propelling and hoisting machinery, and for the cabins of the crew. All the others are filled with water in order to counterbalance the leverage of the crane when employed in raising sunken vessels. The total length of the hull is no less than 257 feet, and its breadth ninety, nor twelve feet broader than the *Great Eastern*. The tonnage is upwards of 5,000.

The machine is moved by no less than 50 small paddles, worked by an endless chain. Each of these is only 18 inches wide and about three feet in diameter, and each only exerts a small amount of force. But, working all in concert like the little legs of a caterpillar, this combined strength will not only enable the derrick to hold its own, but even make more headway against wind and tide. Thus, supposing a vessel to strike upon the Goodwin, the derrick can cross any part of those fatal sands, and, grappling with the wreck, at once prevent it sinking further till all arrangements are complete for lifting it off and towing it ashore. It is now often used as a stationary machine for wharves and piers, and in hoisting boilers and machinery into ships fitting for sea, and in dismantling and remasting vessels of all sizes.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Dr. Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalid and Infants' Food, the Revelenta Arabica, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (Indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his Holiness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 24lbs. 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

THE WATER SUPPLY.

IN our last issue we quoted the opinions of the late Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Drs. Voelker, Odling, Cobbold, Fuller, and Phipson—all most eminent authorities—as conclusive as regards the contaminating influence of sewage upon the rivers of the kingdom; and the danger which must inevitably result from the pollution of the water we drink, and the air we breathe, when charged with its poisonous gases.

Dr. Phipson's observations, in the extract we made from his interesting paper in the *Journal de la Société de Sciences Médicales et Naturelles de Bruxelles*, April, 1866, though extending only, in this instance, to the contamination of the air wherever sewage irrigation is applied to stiff clay land, leaves no doubt on our minds that the system, even when adopted on light and porous soils, would be attended with equal danger to the public health from the drainage of the sewage water from the land into the rivers and streams of the kingdom, from which the supply of water for the people is obtained. Baron Liebig has stated that, by a wonderful provision of nature, all the fertilizing matters held in suspension in sewage, will be absorbed by the soil for the benefit of vegetation; but he has never pretended that the poisonous gases held in absorption in the filtered and clarified waters of sewage, or even that all the salts held therein in solution, are extracted by the earth in this process of natural filtration. The reverse is proved in the instance of seawater, which, after passing through a depth of six feet of earth, is as salt as when first taken from the ocean. A trial was also made upon water highly charged with ammonia, which, though passed through a charcoal filter, retained the odour of that salt. According to the official returns of the recent ravages of cholera, six thousand persons became victims to that horrible scourge in three kingdoms—the greater proportion of mortality occurring at the East-end of London, where, according to all chemical and medical testimony, the water was highly charged with the drainage from the sewers. Here, then, we have unquestionable evidence of its pernicious effects upon the people.

As a confirmation of these views of the faculty we will refer to statistics of a most startling character, authenticated by the Belgian Government, having special reference to the frightful amount of mortality in that kingdom from cholera, within the last few months. Statistics may be regarded as the analysis of truth—that element which admits of no combination with the baser ingredients of jobbery, interest, favour, or affection—from them we have still much to learn—for, properly prepared, they must ever prove our surest guide to just conclusions, the means by which we arrive at unerring truth. We have just observed that Great Britain and Ireland have had to deplore the loss, by cholera, of six thousand human beings, within the last few months, out of a population of upwards of twenty-six millions; and that even these awful ravages of an insatiable disease have occurred principally amongst the poorest, the worst fed and clothed, the worst lodged, and their dwellings the worst ventilated of all, in the three kingdoms; while the supply of water to the sufferers is admitted to have been of a most poisonous and death-dealing character. But what must we think of the cholera carnage of which the little kingdom of Belgium has lately been the Golgotha? Out of a population of only 4,000,000 no less than 31,000 have fallen victims to this murderous malady—and in the capital of that kingdom alone, out of a population of only 250,000, upwards of 6,300—more than the mortality of all England, Ireland, and Scotland succumbed to the disease. Is the cause of this fearful calamity one of profound mystery? Is it an infliction of Providence which

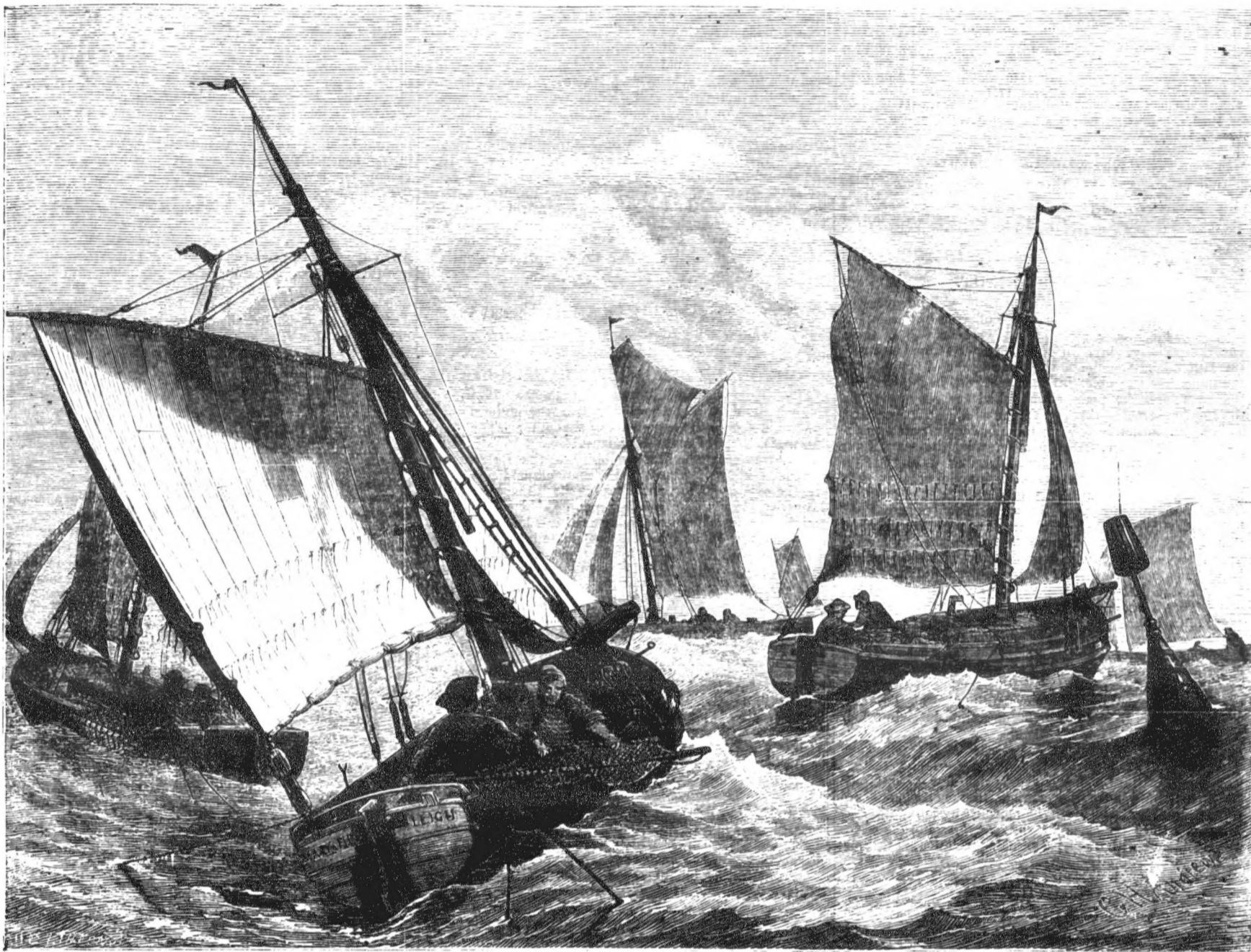
no human foresight could avert? Are the lights of science baffled in their researches to solve the cause of such disastrous effects? If so, let the chemical and medical testimony of this country to which we have alluded be well considered; let the Government of Belgium take action upon it, and in future years a recurrence of such calamities may be avoided; for the cause is as conspicuous, as clear and lucid to the investigation of the learned and experienced as any fact that has ever been established by the energies of enlightenment. Irrigation—not such as is proposed in this country, by means of the sewage of towns, though the effects are similar—but irrigation of the land with the solid and liquid excreta from the cess-pits of the towns has been practised for ages through the greater part of Belgium. The human excreta are collected in barges of large tonnage, and delivered at any spot on their passage along the canals to the farmers, who receive them in barrel-carts, and discharge them over their fields without any preparation whatever, or any attempt at disinfection or defecation.

Thus the Belgian farmer, by the rude and barbarous manner in which he avails himself of Nature's beneficent intentions, reaps superabundant crops of corn and cholera, his fertile fields producing annually more fatal fevers than any other country in the world, not even excepting the rice-fields of New Orleans; while the atmosphere for miles around his homestead, during the process of irrigation, is charged with poisonous gases and horribly-offensive odours, dangerous both to health and life.

The effect of this system of irrigation, or indeed of any system of sewage irrigation, must be conclusive to common sense. The urine and household slops, in admixture with human excreta, in percolating through the light soil of Belgium, as it does with great rapidity, poisons all the springs from which the water supply to the inhabitants is derived, particularly in wet seasons, when every heavy shower of rain, absorbing the mephitic gases, for which water has so wonderful an affinity, carries it deeper into the earth, thus rendering the limited proportion of liquid from cess-pits, in comparison with that of the sewage of towns, similar to the latter in its physical effects, so far as regards its rapid trituration through the porous earth, yet still more pernicious from the fact of the more highly concentrated nature of its poisonous ingredients, not being subjected to dilution with the immense volumes of water constantly flowing into the sewers of London, &c.

We may observe that the greatest mortality was experienced in and around the large towns of Ghent, Antwerp, Bruges, &c., where the system of irrigation is pursued with extraordinary vigour; and the smallest in the Walloosa country, near the frontier of France, where the excreta are not applied to agricultural uses; indeed, in that part of Belgium, the malady was almost unknown. Thus, in Brussels, intersected by the river Seine, which, though open in many places, has been converted into a common sewer; and in the large commercial cities of Ghent and Antwerp, as well as the surrounding villages and rural districts, there is no doubt that the frightful ravages of the cholera owe their origin principally, if not entirely, to the deleterious quality of the water employed for domestic purposes, all the springs and sources whence the supply to the inhabitants is derived being poisoned by the drainage from the land.

We may again recur to this interesting subject. None can be more sensible than we are of the vital importance of preserving the human excreta for the reproduction of the fruits of the earth, as intended by Nature; but that science is incapable of discovering a means by which they may be rendered perfectly innocuous in their application to the soil, we know to be untrue. Such means exist, and are moreover fully appreciated by the most enlightened che-



LEIGH BOATS SHRIMPING. (See page 35.)

mists, the intelligent, scientific, and practical agriculturists; and there is, therefore, no valid reason why a system should be introduced which cannot fail to produce and perpetuate disease and death, by the poisonous pollution of the rivers and springs of the country; and to this end we invite public attention to the most careful consideration and the thorough ventilation of every project that may be submitted by the various competitors for the loaves and fishes to be obtained from the gigantic contracts to which they aspire.

In the *Standard* of the 14th instant is an extract from the report of the medical commission appointed by the Emperor of Austria to investigate the cause of that frightful malady, *trichinosis*. The German doctors attribute its communication to pigs and other animals entirely to the rats, with which vermin it comes spontaneously; and they state that in their examination they find that in Moravia 19 per cent. of the rats are trichinised, and 10 per cent. in Vienna. Nothing can justify this opinion that the disease is natural to the rat; but the facts as stated by the German doctors only tend to confirm the researches of Dr. Spencer Cobbold, who discovered that the ovæ, larvæ, and the petty-developed parasites abound in sewage, and as rats feed upon the undigested portions of the food in the human excreta found in the drains and sewers in which they congregate, there can be no doubt that the entozootic disease is communicated to them by this means. One thing is certain, the researches of the medical commission in question add further proof of the invaluable service which Dr. Cobbold has rendered to humanity by the publication of the results of his experience, and it is for our legislators to take warning before it is too late to remedy an evil, which, once introduced by a system of sewage irrigation, may soon be beyond human power to eradicate. What proof have we that the rinderpest, which broke out first in Holland where irrigation is practised, or in Belgium, does not owe its origin to that source.

DEMOLITIONS IN PARIS.

PARISIAN improvements have of late years been carried on to an extent far exceeding what has been done in that way in London, great as these latter have been and are still being effected. The large engraving on page 40 will show the extent of some of these Parisian demolitions. Recently, at one of them, the ancient Palace of the Kings of France was brought to light. For the Paris Exhibition, also, many demolitions took place, all tending to the beauty and sanitary improvement of a city which will shortly, we trust, welcome thousands of Englishmen within its walls.

A committee of the Lords of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council sat on the 15th inst. at Whitehall on the subject of the cattle plague. The lords present were the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole and the Right Hon. Stephen Cave. Mr. Helps and Dr. Alexander Williams attended the committee.

PROGRESS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE occasional visits of Prince Napoleon to the Exhibition building have given colour to the rumour which is now revived—that the Prince will resume his duties as President of the Imperial Commission.

Among the "surroundings" of the International Exhibition, may be mentioned the International Club, which is now being erected in the Champ de Mars. In fact, the new club approaches its completion, and very handsome will it be when it is done. The facade will be adorned with three allegorical figures, Peace, Industry, and Commerce; and the interior will be decorated with splendid paintings, among them being a vast representation of an imaginary procession of all nations to the Exhibition.

The regulations as to the prices of admission to the World's Fair have just been published. To understand them it should be mentioned that the Exhibition will be divided into three departments: the main building with the Park; the Horticultural Garden; and the Billancourt, or agricultural department. For each of these departments there will be a separate charge. The first week of the Exhibition will be quite exceptional, and after this the prices will vary, according to the hour of the day, from 50 centimes to 2½ francs. One feature of the arrangements will be a splendid thing for the photographers. The authorities invite season ticket holders to deposit their photographs, and to have a duplicate on the ticket; and this system will, in fact, be compulsory in respect to the weekly tickets. Season tickets have already been sold to a very large extent, and it is considered the thing to have your portrait affixed to the back.

The star spangled banner will wave over a considerable portion of the Exhibition, and our American cousins have been making prodigious exertions to fill the large space allotted to them creditably. The ship *Mercury*, Captain Stinson, has set sail from New York, and may soon be expected at Havre, with a full cargo of merchandise for the Paris Exhibition. The shipment is necessarily of the most miscellaneous description. There are steam-engines and pictures, pianos and fire-arms, furniture and wearing apparel, railway cars and ambulances, books, toys, glass-ware, and china. There is an enormous street railway car or omnibus, twice the size of the colossal machine which has become at once such a nuisance and such a convenience in the thoroughfares of all American cities. The Exhibition car is destined for Bombay. The manufacturer is Mr. Stephenson. It has a double roof and an ingenious ventilating apparatus for protecting the passengers against the heat of the Indian sun, which is, after all, perhaps not much hotter than the fiery dragon which burns up New York every summer. Then we are to have a New England schoolhouse—the French papers call it an Illinois one; but if that be the right designation, the models used in Illinois can only be borrowed from the school-houses of New England, which may be regarded as the educational Mecca of the United States.

As regards ambulances, it is stated that the Exhibition will include the whole of the very ingenious and elaborated sanitary contrivances for campaigning purposes, devised during the late war by Dr. Evans, so well known in Paris in connection with dental surgery. A farmhouse of the Far West—a log cabin we suppose, but it is to be hoped not one from the flourishing city of Eden—is also promised; Californian minerals, Indian corn cobs, 17 feet high, from the State of Indiana; a machine for planing iron, from Philadelphia, and weighing forty tons; a marble cutting machine from Vermont, which has now superseded the blasting process for getting blocks of stone from the quarry; Connecticut breech-loading carbines, a steam kneading, fermenting, and bread-baking apparatus from Massachusetts, by means of which perfect loaves can be made without any manual intervention; two guns of fifteen inch bore; agricultural implements innumerable; a collection of artificial legs, arms, teeth, and eyes; a waggon used in Sherman's famous march; and a glass plough;—these are a few items in the assorted cargo to be expected per good ship *Mercury*. The show of coloured photographs—specimens of an art in which the Americans have begun really to excel—will also be most extensive; and it would be a spectacle at once novel and interesting to Europeans, if a display were made of the entire collection of photographs taken during the war by Mr. Brady, of New York, and Mr. Gardiner, of Washington—photographs executed on the very field of battle, and representing some of the most momentous episodes in the gigantic struggle.

Seventy-five thousand Americans are, as a modest computation, expected; but even if half that number make a descent on the capital of the French Empire, the hotel and lodging-house accommodation, already stretched to the severest degree of tension, must become utterly inadequate, and something extensive in the way of "camping out" will have to be done, or thousands of strangers must remain houseless. It may, however, be useful to hint that there are numbers of very sensible persons in Paris, who have inhabited it many years, and know its ins and outs to a nicety, who declare that there will be plenty of room for everybody, be the crush during the summer months ever so great, and that it will take a far greater multitude than will ever be brought together in Paris to fill the still tenantless houses on the interminable lines of new boulevards. It will be in the quadrilateral between the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue St. Lazare on one side, and the Madeleine and the Rue Montmartre on the other, that the most suffocating affluence of strangers may be looked for. Everybody will be eager to get into the Grand Hotel, the Hotel du Louvre, and the cognate caravanserais of the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the fashionable streets branching off the Boulevards of the Italians and the Capucines. There, of course, the crush will be awful; rooms will be extortionately dear, and refreshments at famine prices.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.				H. W. L. R.	
D.	D.W.			A.M.	P.M.
24	S.	Sexagesima Sunday	...	5 34	5 52
25	M.		...	6 8	6 27
26	T.	Earthquake in Yorkshire, 1574	...	6 48	7 9
27	W.	Hare hunting ends	...	7 33	8 3
28	Th.	Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1849	...	8 37	9 16
1	F.	St. David. "Spectator" com. 1711	...	9 56	10 35
2	S.	Marshall Marmont died, 1852	...	11 17	11 53

Moon's changes.....Last Quarter, 26th day, 11h. 32m. a.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the Editor, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

LONDON BY NIGHT.

UNDER this heading, on March 16th, will be given the first of a series of papers illustrative of some of the darker scenes of life in the metropolis. One or two of these papers especially, may, for thrilling interest, and startling revelation, fairly challenge the wildest page of fiction. At the same time the chief interest will rest in the fact that the papers are the plain, unvarnished records of night in the London streets—that everything will be strict veracity, and can be authenticated by the person or persons concerned in the paper. We mention this, that any of our more sceptical readers may, by addressing us on the subject, be speedily satisfied; always providing that they have some more serious object in view, than the gratification of mere idle curiosity. In most instances names will be suppressed for obvious reasons; but we may mention that several of the papers have been furnished by a well-known civic official,* who has fallen in with the passages he narrates in the course of his professional duties. In two instances the hero of the adventures will speak for himself. These, we may at once inform our readers, were the cause of us giving the present series of papers, and the particulars were forwarded to us amongst the mass of weekly correspondence for publication. They have been slightly elaborated by a few strokes from a practised pen into more readable narratives; but the matter has been in no way exaggerated nor altered. We are authorised by these two correspondents, to use our own discretion in giving their names and addresses to any inquirers. Several papers of our "London by Night" are the researches of a gentleman who has spent an incalculable time in those out-of-the-way haunts of the London Arabs, which few of our own condition would have the courage to penetrate. Those papers, however, which can be more easily authenticated, will obtain the first place in our columns, and the series will commence with a most astounding relation, entitled

Resurgam.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

If the possessors of wealth attain no gratification by contrasting their position with that of the poor, the poor at least discover a great deal of pain in viewing the contrast between their own impoverished state and that of their rich brethren. In the possession of great means, there is so perfect an air of triumph, that it is but natural that men who are without belongings, should feel that they have been worsted in the conflict of life, and that they are very like slaves, crushed under the wheels of the victor. There is little actual difference between classes of men, and what differences exist, arise more from the external circumstances which act upon men's lives, than from any innate peculiarities connected with birth. Were the heir to vast estates deprived of his property at a very early age, and compelled to toil as the millions toil, his thirst, hunger, and daily efforts would be the same as those of his fellows. Were he by a better fortune the inheritor of a great appanage, then his sympathies would be with another class, and with his own order. It is something very terrible to hear the perpetual cry of the rights of property. We should very much like to know what are the wrongs of property. How has property been oppressed? Has it bleeding feet, and hollow cheeks, and hungry looks? Has it no place to lie its head? Is it forlorn, and cold, and forsaken? We have yet to hear what are the rights of poverty. Surely it can have none, as poverty is said to be a crime, and crime necessarily, in accordance with every abstract principle of justice, should have no right. Just now property is beginning to bewail its unfortunate state more than ever, and is glib upon the question of vested interests. It knows perfectly well, that in one part of this superb London, only a mile or two from its dazzling splendours, there is a great army of gaunt men and women, of wan and pinched-faced children, of babies with hungry faces, looking like those of living skeletons; but what of that, the rights of property must be preserved.

Are the Poor-rates to be equalised? Property says, No! How does the case stand? At the East-end especially, there is a population, a large portion of whom is by its precarious means of subsistence in a worse position than any other, and the result arising from this is that the parishes upon whom the burthen of supporting the poor lies are thrown gradually into a far more wretched condi-

tion, while at the West there are only nominal incumbrances taxing the pockets of the wealthy. Were there an equalised Poor-rate over the whole of London, and were it made in spirit, as it is in fact, one great and united city, then a due share of the duties of providing for the sick and helpless would be performed by those who are best able to do so. The system at present at work is one making the rich parish still richer, and the poor parish yet poorer. Another argument against the equalisation of the rates is, that were such to become law, then much private charity would find no opportunity for its benevolence. Justice in the broadest sense is the best charity, and therefore this reasoning is futile. Even if the rates are made equal there will be room for unlimited acts of beneficence. Should there be none, it will be all the better, but inasmuch as no law will entirely abrogate misery and suffering, charity need shed no tears because it has no further mission in this, the modern Babylon.

THE OTHER SIDE:

Popular Characters Critically Considered.

MR DION BOUCICAULT, PLAYWRIGHT.

THE English drama is in measure the exemplification of English thought, and those who are the authors of the one are in degree the exponents of the other. The plays of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, Spain, and England, not only represent the literary ability of those states, but become a kind of record of the manners and customs of the time, and mirror not simply the thoughts of the dramatist, but those of the people. The historian, essayist, or novelist, has his especial mission, but that of the dramatist, in its fullest sense, includes the duties of the whole, with many added obligations, while he is compelled to pass through the trying ordeal of a double criticism, and be measured in his works by the critic in the quiet of the study, and be gauged by the quick and somewhat capricious judgment of a public audience, such audience weighing the work through their feelings as well as minds, and estimating its worth by the interpretation of the actor, who may give it adventitious merits, or by incapacity take from it much of its virtue. In attempting to come to a just conclusion upon the quality of the work of any particular playwright, we have to consider, first, the value of his writing as a work of art, and then, after, to look at the exigencies under which he writes. It is fair to reckon men and their creations as influenced by the imperative necessities under which such creations have been fashioned, and with these sentiments we desire to weigh Mr. Dion Boucicault in the balance.

In the heading of this article we suggest that we write of Popular Persons. Whether Mr. Boucicault is a popular man in his association with society, or otherwise, is not a matter for discussion in a public journal. Though that gentleman, on more than one occasion, has chosen to reveal somewhat of his private affairs, it is not our business—though he may have himself injudiciously pointed the way—to seek him outside of the theatre. By his plays and his acting he is nearly always to be seen therein, and we opine that at least as playwright, he may be reckoned a popular person. Mr. Boucicault has come to be a kind of theatrical institution, and his name for the last few years has been so interwoven with the mention of the drama, that to revert to the playhouse is to be reminded of "Corsican Brothers," "The Streets of London," and numbers of pieces testifying to his authorship.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Boucicault wrote "London Assurance," and few have given a greater promise of future excellence. The youth that could write such a comedy so admirable in construction, and showing so much vivacity of intellect, it was thought was fated to give a fresh lustre to the drama, and would do much to enrich the literature of Thespis. Since then nearly one hundred and fifty other plays have been given to the world, and Mr. Boucicault has shown what industry, if not genius, is capable of doing. At the present moment there is no dramatist whose works are so generally patronised. In London and in many parts of the kingdom, the plays of this gentleman are simultaneously being performed. In America and in the colonies his works take a foremost position, and while there are busy brains actively anxious to declare their skill as dramatists in each separate country or place, yet one individual has the power of asserting his strength and defying rivalry in every quarter of the globe, and, as it were, becoming ubiquitous. All this is a great phenomenon in the history of the stage, and to those who judge simply by facts it appears as if Mr. Boucicault were the greatest living dramatist, his pieces being more in request than those of any other author. To obtain so wonderful a success is certainly to possess a vast amount of talent, or a knowledge and a secret in the keeping of few others.

Though the present age has not been prolific of great dramatists, yet the names of Sheridan Knowles, Lytton, Marston, Lovel, Faulkner, Taylor, Oxenford, and others, suggest some very rare pieces of workmanship. Perhaps Mr. Boucicault has not equalled, in greatness of conception and originality, in any one of his pieces, the best efforts of the author of the "Hunchback." Neither has he done anything to equal the splendid diction heard in the "Lady of Lyons," nor can he for perfection of plot equal the constructive power shown in Mr. Lovel's "Wife's Secret." Nearly all the authors whose names we have mentioned have written pieces which have become English classics, and though their works have not met with the same public countenance that those of Mr. Boucicault are now doing, the student and critic can study them with respect and admiration. The author of the "Colleen Bawn" is, fortu-

nately for himself, an actor, and few understand as he does the exigencies of stage business. With great powers of adaptability, with a perfect comprehension of what the "gods," and the stalls, and the pit like, he within the last few years has arrived at a state of mind just suitable to the present moment. We believe were Mr. Boucicault asked to write a purely original comedy or melo-drama for reading purposes, he would be enabled to do so, and gather great laurels. In nearly all his pieces there are evidences of a subtle power and delicate intuition, which prove how much there is in him that comprehends the working of the great human heart and mind. The springs of human action are various, and often obscure, and with these, above all others the dramatist has to deal.

In the "Colleen Bawn," though the piece in its plot borrows largely from Gerald Griffin's "Collegians," he has developed in a masterly manner the working of a great passion, and has rendered it with a naturalness beyond question. When Mr. Boucicault is taunted with having taken his plots from the writings of others we think he is unfairly treated. Shakespeare and some of the greatest dramatists often availed themselves in their constructions of the ideas of others, and therefore modern writers should not be twitted as plagiarists simply on that score. The mere excellence, in these days, of sentiments and plot together, will not make pieces popular. The old days of the playgoer and playgoing have quite passed away. The great school of criticism upon the actor has also vanished, and with it have gone those wonderful companies of actors who enthralled the humble and intellectual alike.

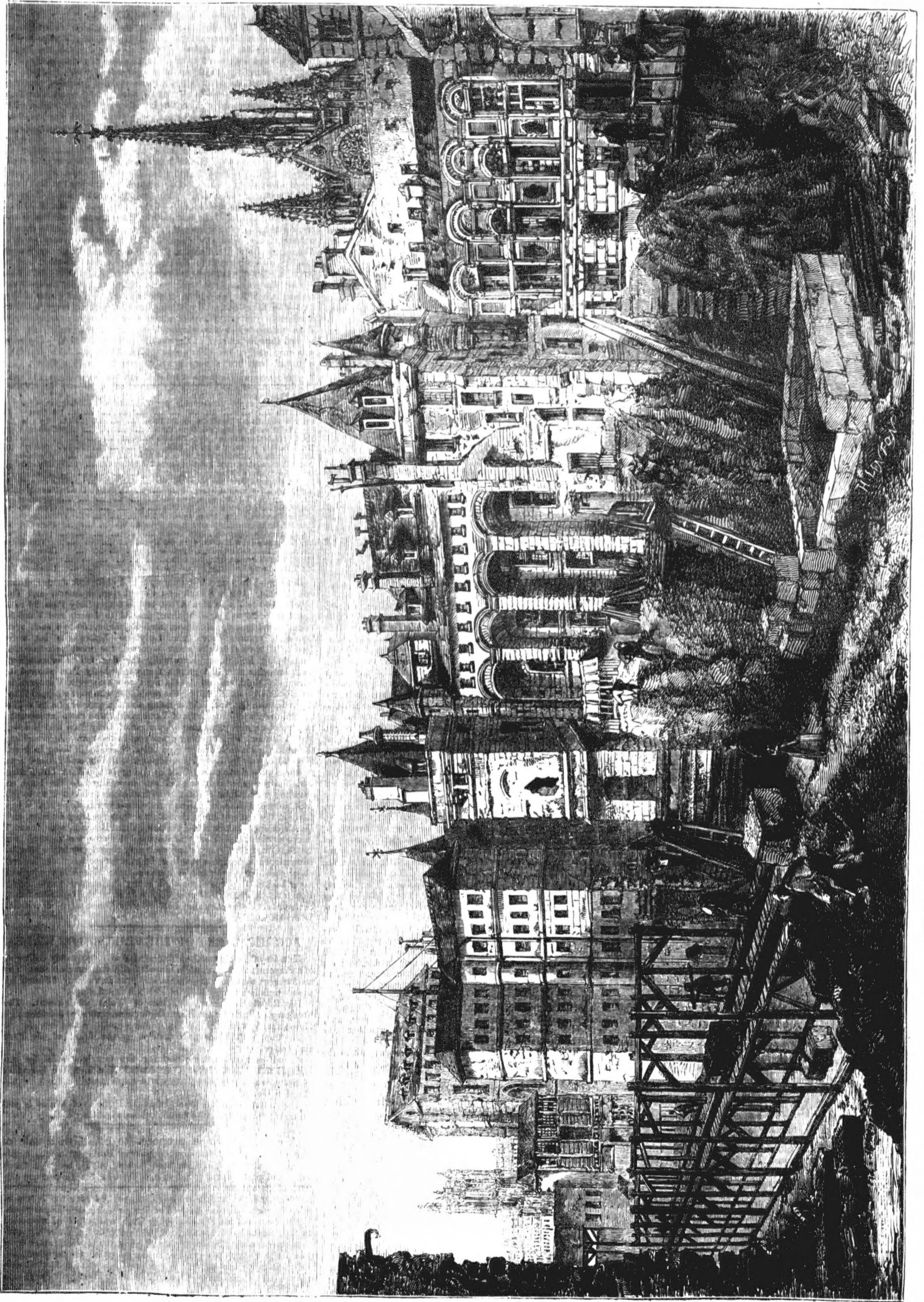
If great sentiments are penned, they require great exponents, and if nature in her grander moods is ushered up, she requires a grand impersonation. We believe, could Shakespeare's plays be represented as they once were, by being enacted in each part by actors of singular ability, the public of all classes would seek them rather than the melo-dramas of the present day. When people go to the theatre, they want to be amused. If they can find instruction at the same time, it is all the better. Mr. Boucicault understands the way to do this. He does not care to teach them, but in the main gives them a very excellent show. As we have previously said, he is an actor and a manager, and knows the utilities of music, of dresses, of scenery, and all that is material to the gratification of the eye. It is necessary that a piece should have a great run, and what is the consequence?—The matter from the beginning to the end is made a piece of business. A sensational plot is first looked for. That discovered, certain great sensational scenes must then be painted, and then a series of thrillingly-striking situations must be conceived. All this being obtained to please the public, then the writing must fill up the interstices. The machinery behind the scenes must be perfect, and the accompaniments without flaw, and the whole company of machinists and artistes must come under the hands of the drill master. Mr. Boucicault not only is able to regulate all this, but virtually becomes the drill-master, so far as the management of his own pieces goes. For this he is to be admired. He knows perfectly that the dignity of authorship is worth, in a monied point of view, nothing, presuming the authorship is not properly utilised in the most business-like way. Though we desire to pay him every tribute as a man in the possession of many great qualities, we think the public should take an estimate of him on account of his varied and common sense acquirements, rather than balance him in their minds as a pre-eminent genius in one thing. His experience has taught him that success, as a playwright, must depend upon some accidents and adventitious circumstances, and these he brings under his own control as much as possible. It must be remembered that years ago Mr. Boucicault bought his experience, as other men, very dearly, for he has had many failures, and now, like a wise man, he is reaping the advantage. Mr. Boucicault's success as a manager and a dramatist, is likely to dazzle many people who look at victories rather than the field of action with its strategy, which demonstrates the genius of generalship. What he has done, and what he can do, are perfectly different things. He has given us "London Assurance" in his boyhood, and what might he not have done in comedy had he chosen to consult his ever ready brain we know not; that he should have become an actor and a manager, besides a dramatist, is a piece of good fortune to those wanting not much more than amusement. For the world of literature we think it a misfortune. Had he cared more about a great name, and less about immediate public applause, all that reverence art in its highest sense would have had much greater satisfaction. However, it is few men who care to look upon the vocation of the writer as a sacred one, and use the talents he has for the noblest purposes. To do this it requires such stuff as heroes and martyrs are made of. Mr. Boucicault is neither one nor the other, but a gentleman, using business-like aptitude, tact, and diligence, associated with rare readiness in the craft of the playwright. We cannot judge him from what he might do, but from what he has done.

THE JAMAICA OUTBREAK.

The proceedings in the prosecution of Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, were resumed on Tuesday, at Bow-street Police-court, before Sir Thomas Henry. Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand were accommodated with seats in front of the prisoners' box. The day's proceedings comprised lengthy examinations and cross-examinations of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Lake, and Mr. Phillips, by Mr. Poland (on behalf of the War Office), and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, and the case was adjourned until Saturday, the 23rd inst. (this day).

We understand the rumour that Mr. Sothorn was about to appear in a Haymarket piece from the pen of Mr. Gilbert a Beckett was premature. It is possible that Mr. Dion Boucicault's services will be called into requisition for Mr. Sothorn's piece.

The North German Lloyds steamship *Union*, from New York on the 9th instant, arrived at Southampton. She brings 148 passengers for this, Havre and Bremen, 44 sacks mails for London, and 1,000 dol. and a general cargo for Bremen.



DEMOLITIONS IN PARIS, SHOWING THE ANCIENT PALACE OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE (See page 37).

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"RIVALRY," AFTER A PAINTING BY W. C. THOMAS. (See Page 33.)

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the First.
PRIVATE INQUIRIES.
CHAPTER V.—A SPY AT THE KEY-HOLE.

JABEZ Acre was dead beyond doubt; but his brother Solomon, though legally defunct ten years before, was still illegally alive and kicking.

Ten years ago Solomon Acre had been struck off the rolls, and people then had said, "There's an end of him, and serve him right, for a dirty rascal as he is." But it was not an end of him. When Solomon Acre ceased to practise on his own account, which practising he had never made any money at, he began to practise as clerk to Flint and Went, and made a great deal of money indeed; very little of which, by the way, Flint and Went ever handled.

It has been said by those who ought to know, that there never was a Flint at all, and that when Went died a year after Solomon Acre entered his service, Solomon took his name and carried on the business, and that, moreover, Solomon buried him somewhere privately, telling no one the secret of his burial place. At any rate, for nine years the name of Andrew Went appeared affixed to many scores of writs and County Court summonses, but in body he was never seen by mortal eye, as well as I have been able to ascertain.

Between Solomon and Jabez there was but a small amount of brotherly love existing, as may be readily believed. They did business together, however, every day, and played into each others' hands, cheated each other, and called each other liars and thieves, and were very friendly.

But Jabez did not introduce Solomon to his wife, nor had he

more than upon one occasion ever mentioned his existence in her presence. Although Solomon at rare intervals called in Norfolk-street, he never went further into the gloomy house than the office-room on the ground-floor, and as he generally left a sealed letter containing his messages if he did not find his brother at home, Mrs. Drake, Jabez's housekeeper, knew nothing of the whereabouts of his place of business, and, indeed, was not over certain who he was.

As the wife was in the same ignorance respecting his address, and Mr. Richard Gladless, her father, seemed very vague upon the subject, Solomon Acre might have remained in ignorance of his brother's death, until it was advertised in the newspaper, if he had not happened to have called a few hours after Jabez died, to ask his opinion about some matter of business.

It was about noon on the tenth of March, when he knocked at Jabez Acre's door. The blinds were down; but that frequently happened, and he saw nothing more than usually gloomy about the exterior of the house, to lead him to suppose that anything unusual had happened to one of its inmates. When, however, the door was opened, and the old woman, Mrs. Drake, appeared upon the threshold with very red eyes, he asked her what was the matter.

"You'd better come in, I think," replied the old woman. "There's others can tell you more than me. Will you walk into the office?"

Solomon followed her in, but, finding no one in the room into which she showed him, stopped her as she was going away again, to get a few particulars, fancying that, perhaps, she might be persuaded accidentally to let out more about this business, whatever it was, than Jabez would like him to know.

"What has happened?" he asked. "You don't seem like yourself this morning—not slept well perhaps."

"No one has slept much here," replied the old woman, "from the time that he was first took bad."

"Whom do you mean?"

"The poor master, sir, of course."

"Mr. Jabez Acre?"

"Your brother, sir, isn't he?"

"What ails him?"

"Nothing now. He's dead."

When she asked Solomon in, she might have had some notion of

breaking the matter more gently. There did not appear, however, to be much reason for such a course. He took the news as he might have taken Mrs. Drake's opinion of the weather. He neither flushed nor turned pale. He did not change the tone of his voice as he asked her for such particulars as she was able to give him.

"Is Mr. Gladless in?" he said.

"I think so, sir."

"I should like to speak to him for a moment presently."

"He's very unwell, sir, but I think he will come down."

"Or I can go upstairs; I shan't detain him long. I will wait here for you."

The old woman having left him to himself, Solomon Acre thoughtfully sucked the handle of his cotton umbrella, while his little grey eyes travelled round the room. Stepping lightly across the floor, he turned the handle of an iron safe, and finding that it was not locked, put on his spectacles, and made a rapid examination of its contents.

But there was little to be found worth looking at—a few scraps of paper, some bits of string, and one or two empty envelopes.

"Somebody's been routing this out," said Solomon—"ripping his effects already; it's like the vultures on a battle-field. Disgusting!"

"There was close to the safe a sort of secretaire with numerous drawers, all of which he found unlocked, as he tried each in succession; and he noticed that some of the locks had been forced.

"A regular hunt there's been for any little scrap that could be turned into money," Solomon continued; "there's nothing left but what one might light one's pipe with—absolutely nothing."

What he would have done with it had he chanced to come across anything of greater value, it would be impossible for the writer to say, but in the middle of his investigations, Solomon fancied that he heard a footstep in the hall, and, hastily closing a drawer he had just opened, turned his back upon the secretaire, and went on sucking his umbrella.

A thin, haggard face, with a silk handkerchief tied round its brows, was poked in at the door, and assuming a frightened expression at the sight of the visitor, as hastily withdrawn, but Solomon called to its owner to stop.

"It's Mr. Gladless, I think. If I might have a moment's talk with you—"

"Yes, yes," replied the old man, seemingly in great confusion; "I did not know you were here; I'm afraid I can't stop now. I'm not dressed—and—and—"

"Oh don't let us stand on ceremonies at such a time, Mr. Gladless. I have just heard this dreadful news; you can imagine how shocked and grieved I am."

"Yes, yes—very horrible—so sudden."

"So very sudden?"

"No, not so very. He had been very ill a long while—everybody knows that."

"Certainly, I dare say you are right, but he did not complain himself, and so—"

"Yes he did. He was always complaining, and would doctor himself. We wanted him to have a doctor; but he wouldn't. He would never do what was suggested. He would always have his way. He was the master, and made us all feel it. He made me feel it. It wasn't sudden."

"I only said sudden because I thought you said so, Mr. Gladless. Sudden, comparatively speaking. To me particularly, as I did not know he had been seriously ill. But what I was going to observe, was this: Of course at such a time, one naturally shrinks from all thoughts of business. I know I do, more than any one. But I am afraid my poor brother was unprepared for this calamity, and his affairs are in great confusion; now I think I might be of assistance to your daughter, Mr. Gladless, and if I could look over his papers—"

"I think you ought," said the old man, looking about him in a bewildered sort of way; "I think somebody ought to do something. My poor nerves are so unsteady, I can't settle down to figures just yet; but Ruth will look to all that. She has been looking over the papers already—at least—but I must be going."

"I cleverly intercepting his progress from the room, Solomon said: "Your daughter is quite right, Mr. Gladless. The very thing she ought to do. I wish ladies always had their heads at such a moment. At such a time as this, too! It's wonderful! I should so much like to see her, if it could be done. Now there was one little matter in particular. My brother told me to call on him to-day for a promissory note, which I am to return to its owner. Jabez gave a receipt for the money, and promised to return the document. If I could look at his papers, I dare say I could easily lay my hands upon it. Perhaps you would ask Mrs. Acre if I might speak to her for half a minute."

"Are you there, father? Come here. I want you."

A low, soft voice was calling to Gladless from the stairs, and the old man turned quickly at the sound, and went towards it, Solomon following.

"My sister-in-law, I think," said the latter, holding out his hand.

A young slight woman he saw before him, with large earnest eyes, and pale cheeks, and an expression in which there was at times something of dread, and something of pain, who with her black dress and her pallid beauty, standing there, in the subdued light, against a back ground of sombre oak panelling, made a very strange but beautiful picture.

"Are you my husband's brother, sir?"

"Yes, I am Solomon Acre. I have been speaking to Mr. Gladless here, about my brother's affairs. I thought that if you would let me look through his papers, I might be of some assistance to you."

"Thank you."

"Yes, I know there are several things which ought to be attended to immediately."

"Thank you. I would rather they were not touched to-day."

"To be sure, of course. Nothing more natural. Unfortunately, however, as I was saying, there are several things—"

"I would rather they were not touched at present."

"Of course, if it be your wish."

"If you please—"

"Then, perhaps, I had better call to-morrow."

"In a day or two's time I will write to you, if I require your services."

"Very well, as you choose. I was thinking, however, that without troubling you, Mr. Gladless and I might have gone through the papers—"

"No, I think not. My father is very unwell, and I do not wish him to be troubled about any business."

"Of course no one likes to be troubled if they can help it. I don't and if I offered to interfere, it was out of kindness, I can assure you."

"I can quite understand your motive."

Nothing could have been more gentle than the tone in which these last words were spoken—nothing more truthful and steadfast than the gaze of those soft brown eyes, which met his fearlessly. Was she as innocent as she seemed to be? Did she see through him? He could not for his life have decided, and after a moment of helpless indecision, moved towards the door. As he made his way out, she still stood upon the same spot where she had been standing throughout the interview, her hand resting upon the old man's arm, and her eyes fixed firmly on Solomon's face until the last.

Leaving the door open behind him, he shuffled away in the sly, creeping style peculiar to him, mumbling to himself as he went, and plucking at the finger ends of one of his dilapidated kid gloves, not a little puzzled it would have seemed, by what had happened, and what was happening now. He, however, did not go very far from the house before he came to a standstill, and, turning, faced it again, as though resolved to go back. As he turned, a carriage, which had just passed him, drew up in front of his brother's door, and the coachman descending, rang and knocked. A minute afterwards, Mrs. Drake came out, and an old lady, poking her head out of the carriage window, the two women entered into a long conversation.

Solomon Acre, meanwhile, had approached the door. It stood invitingly open. He crossed the threshold, and finding no one to stay his progress, entered the office, and passed through the door which separated it from the room beyond, the room nearest to the street.

"I must see her again," said Solomon, "or see Gladless. I must find out from one or the other, whether they know that Jabez put his eight thousand into a safe place, and where it was he put it. There's a receipt somewhere, and very carefully hidden, I'll be sworn. They must not pocket the money, though, without my having a hand in it. Bah, she's a mere girl. Surely I'm a match for her; and the old man—he's little more than half-witted. I must see her again, and try what a threat will do. There's something underhand going on, I've a notion, though I don't know what. Jabez always kept his affairs so dark. But probably they knew he was going to cheat his creditors, and they think I don't know, and that's why she won't let me look at the papers. What a fool I was not to see all that at the first glance."

Whilst he was thus reflecting, he was looking out of the window, at the carriage standing in front of the door, and wondering who the very wrinkled old lady could be whose head was thrust out of

the window, and who was giving Mrs. Drake a long message in a cackling tone of voice.

It, however, suddenly struck him that he was wasting valuable time, and he began to peep about again among the drawers and cupboards, as he had done in the other room. In the middle of this occupation he was interrupted by the slamming of the street door. Mrs. Drake had just come in, and the carriage was driving away.

Hastily closing a cupboard, with the contents of which he had been a moment before mightily busy, he assumed a careless manner, and took a seat. But this little bit of acting was thrown away. Mrs. Drake ascended the stairs, delivered a message, and coming down again, retired to the kitchen.

"She could not have seen me come in," said Solomon, "Well, no matter, I'm in no hurry, and I may not have another chance of turning things over."

And he went back to his rummages. But not for long. There was a double knock at the street door, and a man's voice asking for Mrs. Acre.

"Yes, sir. The doctor, I think," Solomon heard the old woman say.

"Yes, take up my card."

"Step in here, sir, and I will ask if she will see you."

So saying, the old woman showed the visitor into the back room, and, closing the door between the two apartments, left him to wait, while she went upstairs to acquaint her mistress that he had come.

"Rather awkward to be left here this way," said Solomon to himself, "it would look almost as though I had broken in like a thief; luckily I'm one of the family, and I can soon explain, though I think I'll keep quiet."

Keeping quiet, he waited for a few minutes, and then heard Mrs. Drake descending the stairs. Almost immediately afterwards, he heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the next room, and a man's voice say "Ruth."

"Ah!" exclaimed Solomon Acre, beneath his breath, and in the spy-likest peculiar to him, crept towards the intervening door, and listened intently, whilst with his eye at the key-hole, he strove to see what was passing within the room. Just at the moment he first looked, his brother's widow was closing the other door leading into the passage; and having done so, turned quickly upon her visitor with a deadly white face.

"I am glad you have come, she said, I expected you sooner. I was waiting."

"I didn't like to come before."

"Why not? Have you done all that is necessary?"

"Yes."

"The certificate."

"I wrote it at once. There is no more to be done—"

"Nothing? Have you found the paper?"

"You know enough of me to know that I should keep my promise. Here is your bill."

She handed him a folded piece of paper as she spoke, and he approached the window, spread it out, and looked at it with a slight smile upon his face. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, with black curly hair, large whiskers, and heavy eyebrows.

"I shall know him again," thought Solomon, as he watched his every movement with bated breath.

It was a long, narrow slip of paper that he was looking at, which looked ragged and yellow with age, and he turned it over and over, and examined it closely.

"That is what you want?" said Ruth, after a pause.

"Yes, this is the leech he bled me with, curse him: I never thought to have got it in my hands again."

"How came you to commit so mad an act, and place yourself in the power of such a man?"

"How did I come to do it," retorted the doctor, with a bitter laugh—"How did I come to write what I wrote yesterday? Because circumstances forced me to it. But its over now, I have got the bill back at last, and his hand off my throat. I shall be able again to face the world with a fair chance."

"I hope so, Edward."

They were both silent for a while; then the man, taking a pocket-book from his breast-pocket, folded up the paper he had been looking at, and made as though he would have thus secured it.

"Would it not be safer destroyed?" asked Ruth.

"I think so," he said, smiling a great deal. How thoughtful you are. I'll tear it up."

And he suited the action to the words.

Then again they stood silently facing each other, her eyes fixed upon his.

"So much for that," said the doctor, grinding the torn fragments beneath his heel. "It's a ton weight off my heart to see an end to that little bit of paper. But now it's done, and thank God there's nothing more to fear—"

"Nothing more," exclaimed his companion, "Nothing more! You forget."

"Forget what? I only wrote one of them."

"One of these; but yesterday?"

"What of that? That's right enough, if neither of us chooses to tell. And there is no fear of me."

"Nor of me."

"I thought not," said the man, eyeing her uneasily. "There's no occasion then to allude to it any more. Best not. It isn't a pleasant subject, and walls have ears."

Here Solomon quaked with fear, and crawled away from the key-hole. "What does it mean?" he asked himself, as he sat shivering in a chair. "I wish I could get out of here into the street—somehow, I can hardly breathe."

There was a dead silence now in the next room, the door speakers were speaking so low that the thick listing round the door rendered their voices wholly inaudible, and some moments passed thus, Solomon remaining motionless upon his chair.

But it was impossible to live in this suspense. He must hear more. He must fathom the meaning of the words he had as yet but imperfectly heard. Again he approached the door—again applied his eye to the key-hole. The doctor was leaving the room, and had turned upon the threshold, to say good-bye.

"When shall we meet again?" he asked in a low voice, which to the listener was scarcely audible.

He held out his hand as he spoke, and took hers, but she quickly released herself.

"Never," she said.

"Never," he repeated. "I thought you cared about me once, Ruth. Was I mistaken in that as I have been in everything else in life?"

"I did care for you once: I loved you; but that is over now. I have suffered a great deal since then, and have awakened from my dreams. We must be strangers henceforth. Good-bye."

But her companion still tarried.

"I know you must have suffered greatly to have done what you have done. Your face tells me something of what you have gone through since last we met. But there is not there written a tenth part of the story. I wish you would tell me the rest. I hope you

give me credit for another motive in helping you than a selfish one."

A very faint smile of scorn crossed her pale face, as he spoke, but she made no reply. After a moment's silence only, she said again, "Good-bye."

He would have said something more, but she passed by him, and began to mount the stairs. He caught at her hand and at her dress, but they slipped from his fingers. Then he moved slowly towards the street door. She turned her pale face for a moment as she reached the landing at the top of the first flight, and passed silently between him and the yellow light, the heavy folds of her dress sweeping the ground with much of the rustling noise that dead leaves have when gathering closely round the trunks of naked trees, in the sad dreariness of autumn-time.

"Watching her retreating form a moment, the doctor turned and went out of the street door, the noise of which, closing heavily behind him, echoed through the gloomy house, and made Solomon Acre clutch tightly at the arms of the chair, he again retreated to trembling and gasping for breath.

Ten minutes, at least, Solomon then allowed to elapse, before he rose to his feet, gathered up his hat and umbrella, and crept on tip-toe towards the door.

"I must get out of this," was all he said, but again and again muttered the same between his wagging jaws—"I must get out of this. I must get out of this."

Even the air without seemed difficult to breathe, and not until he had placed a good mile between himself and the house in Norfolk-street, did he stop to wipe away the perspiration streaming down his face.

Instinctively he had bent his steps homewards, and now was close to his office, in a lane leading out of Holborn. Here, with closed doors, he sat down to ponder and to worry the finger-ends of his dilapidated kid gloves.

"There's a mystery," he said; "and there's something between those two that's very much like murder. What ought I to do?"

It took so long to find an answer to this question that the day wore away before it had been found, and twilight had gathered round about the silent figure of Solomon Acre, still worrying his gloves and cudgelling his brains.

"If I could get hold of that fellow, Jeffcoat," he said, at last, "I think I could manage—yes, I have it now. I must have some one to help me and we must work quietly. I think I see my way to make a good thing out of this."

We have seen how he met Jeffcoat after this, and how an arrangement was come to between them. From this point I have no further need of retrogression. The course of my story lies now straight before me.

CHAPTER VI.—A LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER.

OF course the woman who had come out of the dead man's house in Norfolk-street was Ruth Acre, the dead man's widow, and in her, at the first glance, Jack Jeffcoat recognised the woman who, when he was on the point of committing suicide, stopped him at the water's edge and gave him another chance of life.

For the first moment, stunned by this extraordinary coincidence, he stood like one in a dream, heeding not what his companion said to him, standing as though rooted to the spot where the first astonishment had transfixed him.

But Acre pulled him by the arm.

"Come, come be quick," he said, "or we shall lose her—stop—I think she is standing still. Don't let her see us following."

They hid themselves in a door-way, but remained hiding so long that she slipped away in the darkness and was lost.

"A thousand curses seize it!" growled Solomon. "If this is the way you manage your business, we shan't do much good."

But Jeffcoat turned upon him angrily.

"Together we shall do no good at all. You leave me to do the business myself. That will be best; I know where to find you. I will come when I have some news. You need not be afraid that I shall go to sleep."

"It will be better that way perhaps," said Solomon. "I've every faith in your wits, Jack; use them and I'll pay you well."

"Yes, yes," replied the other impatiently, "you've said as much before. Now leave me."

"I'm going."

"Go, then. Good night."

"As difficult to manage as ever he was," said Solomon, as he retreated meditatively; "but it's worth while keeping civil with him. I think I can make pretty sure he won't play me false."

It is difficult to answer for any one in this world. At the very outset of their contract, you see, Jack Jeffcoat had a secret apart from his employer.

He did not breathe a word of his having met before with the woman he was engaged to play the spy upon. He did not breathe a word of what he knew of her—of what he had seen when watching at the window of the chemist's shop.

At the time, as has been described, he had followed her movements with a sort of listless unconsciousness, scarcely noting what she did. But now, with a clue as to the meaning of what he what he had seen, the recollection of every circumstance came back full upon him, and he fancied that he already held in his hand the first link of the chain of evidence he had been hired to find around the guilty woman's neck.

As he stood alone in the silent street he now asked himself what had really occurred and whether he had alighted upon any evidence. The facts he had at his service as yet were these:—

Jabez Acre was dead and had died in difficulties, but was supposed to have secreted a large sum of money somewhere, which circumstance might or might not be known to his wife.

She had refused to allow Solomon to examine the dead man's papers. Her reason for so doing could not yet be explained, unless it was that she was unwilling that Solomon should find any clue to the existence of the secreted money.

Some secret understanding existed between her and a doctor whom once she had loved. Who was this doctor? Probably the same who had attended her husband on his death-bed.

To the doctor she had given a paper having the appearance of a bill of exchange, which he had destroyed with signs of great relief. What was the meaning of this? The day before his death Jabez Acre had called upon his brother and had told him that he held a promissory note belonging to a certain person about which, to use his own words, he intended "to put on the screw." Was this document which Ruth Acre had given up the promissory note in question? and why had she parted with it?

The answer was obvious. It had been the price of some fact performed by this doctor. A certificate had been spoken of. The easiest solution to the mystery immediately suggested itself. The doctor had given a false certificate respecting the cause of Jabez Acre's death.

Adopting this line of argument, it looked very likely that a murder had been committed and that Ruth Acre was the murderess,

and the evidence of Jeffcoat's eyes seemed only waiting to make suspicion certain. Had he not himself seen her buying some drug at a chemist's shop, and evidently effect that purchase in fear and secrecy? Could there be any reasonable doubt of that purchase having been poison—the poison with which the murder had been done?

Thus far Jack Jeffcoat, without much trouble, fitted together the facts at his disposal and asked himself what he should do next. He remained a long while meditating, and at length, without waiting any longer for the young widow's return, walked away.

"I've always been a worthless scoundrel," he remarked to his reflection in a looking-glass, as, rather the worse for liquor, he undressed himself unsteadily in a bedroom he had hired at a coffee-house in Catherine-street. "But I never thought I should have sunk as low as this—to set to work in cold blood to hunt to death the woman who saved my life. The meanest knave unchanged would turn the job up with disgust. Is there no other way of earning my dirty living? Perhaps not. Well, then I had better die. Good God! why did she, of all persons in the world, stretch out a hand to save me? It seems like fate."

Next day and the next passed by without Solomon Acre's seeing anything more of his hired spy, nor was he seen by living soul near the Strand or its neighbourhood. On the third morning he suddenly appeared in Solomon's dirty little office, and asked a few boys whom he found there if Mr. Acre were within.

"That's Jeffcoat's voice," said Solomon, appearing from behind a partition. "Step in, Jack; let me close the door. What news?"

"None, whatever."

"That's as little as there could be, Jack. Isn't it?" said Solomon, looking rather blank. "Nothing at all, eh?"

"Nothing," replied Jeffcoat, doggedly.

"I was under the impression that you said you would not call until you had something to tell me," said Solomon, "perhaps I was wrong, and you didn't say so."

"You are right and I did say so; but I came because I wanted something."

"More information?"

"No; more money."

Solomon looked blunter than before.

"More money, eh, Jack?" he observed, and heaving a deep sigh. "Of course when I said I would pay well, I meant it."

"So I thought."

"And of course I supposed it would come rather dear. I don't grumble—"

"Of course we can drop the business when you think fit," said Jack, roughly, and making as though he was going away again.

But Solomon stopped him.

"How hasty you are, Jack," he said in a whining tone. "Come in and sit down. Tell us what you have been doing and what you want. Don't let's quarrel—such old friends, too."

"It was about the middle of the same afternoon that the spy, in a slouching style, which he had picked up during those purposeless wanderings of his some time ago, when he had the world before him, and all day long to starve in at his leisure, drew up opposite the Norfolk Street house upon the other side of the way. Then something caught his eye, and he crossed the road quickly, and was next moment reading a printed bill posted against one of the parlour windows.

The furniture was to be sold by auction next day, and was then on view. Jack Jeffcoat knocked at the door and asked if he could look round.

The old woman who answered him said yes, and led the way in.

He found two Jews in the back parlour taking stock of an old secretaire, while a third was tapping with his knuckles upon an old-fashioned clock-case in the passage.

"I can imagine a woman having led a very weary and unhappy life in this house," thought Jack Jeffcoat as he gazed out of the back parlour window into one of the dreariest of the back-yards it is possible to imagine, where a leafless tree kept guard over a leaking waterbut, and rank weeds half hid the brickbats and bottle ends lying among them and thrown there years ago. "The sort of place I should have pictured to myself where a pale-faced, slender girl with great, brown melancholy eyes—such as she seemed to me that night we met at the river-side—would wear away her life and break her heart in. Of course he ill-used her. He was Solomon Acre's brother, and a scoundrel as he is, I'd stake my life. Twice married, too, and drove his first wife mad—I think Solomon told me. So in the same way, no doubt, he strove to break in this poor girl and crush her spirit out of her. A thousand petty wrongs and small, mean, despicable cruelties he practised, increasing his persecutions when he found how weak was her resistance, until at last she turned and took his dog's life. That's murder, I suppose, and she ought to be hanged for it. That doesn't sound altogether reasonable; but I suppose it is."

He turned from the window and stood listlessly watching the two Jews discussing the merits of the secretaire; then wandered out into the passage, and listened upon the stairs in the hope of hearing Ruth Acre's voice.

"I wonder which room she is in," he thought, "and where she will go to when the things are sold off? The creditors are doing this, I suppose. I wonder whether she has secured the money Solomon says the dead man put away? I hope she has made it safe, and will keep her secret. I should fancy these old sticks are worth precious little. What a wrangling and snarling there will be over the small profits realised! And where will she try to hide herself, I wonder? I should almost like her to slip through my fingers for a while, that I might have to set my wits to work to get again upon her track. It seems so pitiful to run a poor girl down without a struggle on her part. Properly, I ought to warn her, and give her a fair start."

Mrs. Drake was tying up certain articles of wearing apparel in a bundle in the passage, and Jeffcoat thought it a favourable opportunity of obtaining some information.

"I suppose some of the upper rooms are occupied?" he said.

"There is no one upstairs."

"The family are out at present?"

"They have gone."

"Gone for good?"

"Yes."

"Dear me! I wished to have seen Mr. Gladless; could you tell me his address?"

"The only address I know is Miss Jane Acre's, and she has gone to her grandmother's, Lady Lad's in Soho-square; but she does not know where Mrs. Acre and her father are gone."

"Are not they coming back?"

"I don't think it's likely. They have taken away all that they wanted to take."

"And they went?"

"Last night."

"She has given me the slip, then," said Jack Jeffcoat. "It is as

though she had challenged me to the pursuit. Well, I will follow. I can cry off when I think fit. I need not hurt her unless I choose, but I'll have it in my power to do so, and I do so or not as seems best to me. I won't be beaten."

Thus arguing, he lounged back into the parlour, which the two Jews had just deserted, and took his turn at examining the secretaire. There was no discovery to be made about this piece of furniture, nor did he expect that there would be. Indeed, he was scarcely thinking what he did as he drew out one by one the various drawers and slammed them back into their places.

He was all the while debating with himself what should be his first step. To find out Ruth's hiding place—what point was there in that?—that would be done easy enough when the proper time came.

No; what he wanted to do first of all was to get some more decisive evidence of her guilt. How could that be done? Perhaps something might be learnt of the doctor. Where was he to be found?

Mrs. Drake, still busy with her bundle, could give no information and offer no suggestion, and Jack Jeffcoat once more returned to the parlour to meditate; and this time a great idea occurred to him.

Was it not the back parlour where Solomon said the interview between the doctor and Ruth had taken place? The doctor had examined the bill as he stood by the window, and had torn the bill up and thrown the pieces of paper on the ground.

The room was all in confusion. There was a piece of worn-out oilcloth on the floor, which for a long while, as it seemed, had not been disturbed. It was not at all probable that the room had recently been swept, and the pieces of torn paper hung down would very likely lie where they had been thrown.

He looked about in eager expectation. There were many pieces of torn paper which at a glance he saw could not be what he wanted. Then he came to some fragments torn so small, and so disfigured by the pressure of a heel, that it was impossible to decipher a single word upon them. Then he found a larger piece that might have formed a portion of the same paper the smaller pieces had belonged to, upon which some words were legible.

Bringing this paper to the light he made out enough of it to see that it was a part of what he was in search of, and at once he secured it in his pocket.

Rashly enough he had hung down the other pieces of paper which at first he had picked up, and now they were scattered far and wide. Whilst he was still looking for them, Mrs. Drake came into the room, and he rose hastily to his feet.

"I want to shut up, sir, when you're quite ready."

"I'm ready now;—you are sure you can't give me any address?"

"Only what I have given you. Lady Lad, in Soho-square."

"What number?"

"I don't know that, but I suppose you'll easily find out."

"Yes, I daresay; good afternoon."

He did not go to Soho-square. He had no wish at present to follow out that branch of his inquiries, but hurried away to his coffee-house, where, in a retired box in a corner of the room, he carefully examined the piece of paper he had picked off the floor. It was a very small piece of triangular shape, bearing these words:—

835
verally
bez Acre or
pounds for
Verard Hurst
an Square

Clearly this scrap of paper had formed a portion of a promissory note—perhaps the very document about which Jabez had spoken the day before his death. Pinning out the written scrap upon a blank half sheet of note paper, Jack easily filled in the greater part of the words:—"So many months, weeks or days after date," it must have been, "we, jointly and severally, promise to pay to Mr. JABEZ ACRE or his order the sum of . . . pounds for value received.—EVERARD HURST, PORTMAN-SQUARE." But the second name had been torn off.

"After all it's much more likely that this paper has got nothing to do with the business in hand," said Jack to himself when he had so far puzzled out its meaning. "As Jabez Acre lent money as a trade, there must have been, I should suppose, lots of bills or promissory notes torn up in his back parlour."

But another point presently occurred to him.

"What is the meaning of '835'?" That's eighteen hundred and thirty-five, of course. Now the probability is that if there had been any other promissory notes lying about on the floor they would not have been five years old.

According to Solomon Acre's version of the business, the paper that the doctor had torn up was old and ragged, and this paper was old and ragged. But the light in the back parlour was none of the brightest. Looking through the key-hole from the other room, he must have had monstrous fine eye-sight to have told whether a small piece of paper was yellow or ragged with age. Perhaps he had somehow jumped at this conclusion from something the doctor had said. What had he said?

"This is the leech he bled me with, curse him! I never thought to have got it into my hands again." And these words would seem to indicate that he for some time had paid exorbitant interest upon a certain document, and if it had been a bill of exchange it would probably have been renewed. It was quite feasible, then, to suppose that this scrap of paper formed a portion of a promissory note which the doctor had received from Ruth and had torn to pieces.

"My dear," said Jack to the young lady who served him with his "half pint and slices;" "have you got an old post-office directory? two or three years old, I should like."

"Ours is an old one," she said; and it proved to be one for 1837.

Opening it, he looked for Portman-square, and sure enough there found a gentleman residing whose name was Everard Hurst.

"Ha, ha!" said Jack, with a chuckle, "it will be easy enough to run our medical friend to earth if he still lives in the same house. I'll try him this very night."

When he had finished his meal he looked in at a shop where he could see a directory for that year, and finding that Mr. Everard Hurst still lived in Portman-square, straightway bent his steps in that direction.

The servant could not say whether or not his master was at home, but he would see: and taking in Jeffcoat's name, left him in a handsome hall to await his return.

"It can't be the owner of a place like this who was in Jabez Acre's power for a few hundred pounds," thought Jack. "There's some screw loose somewhere. But I will wait and see. Who can tell? fine feathers make fine birds. Perhaps, after all, things are rather rotten at the core."

The servant returned in a few minutes and told Jeffcoat to follow him; then led the way into a luxurious library, where a thin, grey-haired gentleman was seated by the fireside.

"What is your business with me?" he asked, when the door was closed.

"I hope you will pardon the intrusion, sir; I am a detective, and am engaged in making certain investigations respecting certain parties. Would you have any objection to inform me if you were ever acquainted with a person of the name of Jabez Acre?"

The light fell full upon the grey-haired gentleman's face, which simply expressed astonishment, and no other emotion.

"To the best of my knowledge," he said, "I never heard the name before in my life."

"I hope you will pardon me making these inquiries, when I assure you that I have no other motive than a desire to further the ends of justice."

The gentleman bowed.

"May I then ask if you are aware of the existence of a promissory note given by you to Mr. Acre, of Norfolk-street, Strand?"

"I am not only not aware of it," said the gentleman, "but I can positively assert that I never, in the whole course of my life, have given a promissory note to anybody."

Jack Jeffcoat sat out back in his chair, and contemplated his companion in silent amazement. At last he found his tongue again.

He said, a new idea striking him—

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Everard Hurst?"

"Most certainly."

"May I inquire whether you have a son?"

"I have no son."

"Nor any relation of the same name?"

"None."

"I have only one more question, then, to put. Had you any relation, now dead, who was called Everard Hurst?"

"None that I am aware of. My father's name was Robert."

Jeffcoat rose from his seat completely bewildered, and stood irresolute, his hat in his hand.

"May I ask you, in my turn," said Mr. Hurst, "why you have put these somewhat extraordinary questions?"

"To be sure, sir," replied Jeffcoat, quickly producing the scrap of paper as he spoke. "This has fallen into my hands, and will, I hope, prove a clue to what now seems very mysterious. Here, sir, you will see, is what I took to be your name. Is this, or is it not, your handwriting?"

Mr. Hurst stood silently contemplating the scrap of paper he held in his hand for more than a minute, and then, returning it to Jeffcoat, said—

"If I had seen that signature at the end of any letter of my writing, I should not for a moment have hesitated in saying it was mine. It is exactly like it."

"But you never wrote it?"

"I never wrote my name on any such document."

"One conclusion, then, I must perforce arrive at:—it is a forgery."

"Yes, I have no doubt of it."

"And the writing of the other words doesn't suggest any person likely to have forged your name?"

"I do not know the other writing."

"You are quite sure?"

"I am quite sure."

"I hope you will excuse my occupying your time, sir," said Jeffcoat, rising to depart; "and allow me to apologize as I take my leave."

"Checkmate number one," said Jack, when out of the house and in the street. "What am I to make of that? I saw in a moment, of course, that this Hurst could not have been the doctor whom Solomon described to me; and had he owned to the signature, there would have been an end of the business, and nothing mysterious in it. I should then have concluded that I had got hold of the wrong paper. But his denial changes the whole aspect of affairs. If there has been a forgery committed, the man most likely to have committed the forgery is the doctor of whom I am in search. How to find the doctor? His name and address will of course appear upon the certificate of Jabez Acre's death—the false certificate, the price of which was this forged bill. To-morrow I will find out who he is and where he lives, and see what I can make out of it."

(To be continued.)

It would appear that the inhabitants of Paris have been greatly puzzled by the new question of how many foreigners will invade that city during the Exhibition. According to the last calculations seven millions may be expected, and the population of Paris believe that the streets will be so crowded after the 1st of April as to be well nigh impassable. They are preparing for a sort of famine, as they expect the price of provisions to rise to a fabulous amount, the value of eggs for the ensuing summer being estimated at one franc a-piece. Versailles and St. Germain are preparing for their share of the mighty influx, and lodgings in either town will be quite as expensive as in Paris. Meanwhile the good city is brushing, painting, and whitewashing. The Faubourg St. Honoré is most demonstrative in its efforts to prepare for the great event. One Count has embellished his splendid residence, Rue de Courcelles, by an ironwork facade copied from that of Diane de Poitiers' Chateau d'Auget, and Baron Rothschild's new house is being adorned by a magnificent Greek colonnade.

A letter from Miramir, in the *Fremdenblatt*, of Vienna, says:—"During the last few days a notable and continuous improvement has been manifested in the health of the Empress Charlotte, and her recovery may now be considered as complete. Her Majesty is lively, and devotes her time to her favourite occupations—namely: literature, music, drawing, and painting. The Empress takes nearly every day drives of several hours in the park and environs. In these excursions she is accompanied by Monsignor Racie, or by one of the medical men resident at Miramir, with whom she converses in a most affable manner. Dr. Reidl, who left a few days ago, expresses himself with the greatest confidence as to the complete re-establishment of her Majesty's health."

The *bouquetieres* at the theatres are such a nuisance in offering their bouquets to gentlemen who are with ladies, appealing to their gallantry to lay out five francs for madame, that the matter is being discussed in a weekly paper, and it is proposed to answer for the future, "Thanks, we are married." Not a very gallant view of the condition of the married life *a la Francaise*.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

THROAT DISEASES.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country by most chemists at 1s. 1½d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable."—[Advertisement.]

THE FENIAN JOKE.

In consequence of information received on Sunday night, the most active measures were taken by the commandant of the Woolwich garrison, and other authorities, and were continued during the next day, to meet any attempted Fenian outbreak, the programme of which was stated to include the seizure of arms and ammunition at the drill establishment of the Blackheath and other local volunteer corps. It is to be presumed that considerable importance was attached to the rumours, as a detachment of Royal Artillery and the Military Train Corps were despatched to Blackheath on Sunday night, and have been engaged subsequently in the removal of arms, &c., belonging to the volunteers, to the repository at the Royal Artillery Barracks. The available troops in garrison, both Royal Artillery and Royal Marine Light Infantry, were kept in reserve at barracks, to be available if required. The Royal Arsenal and Dockyard police force have also been held in readiness.

Arrests under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act have taken place in Limerick, Drogheda, Dundalk, and Cavan. In Limerick the persons arrested are John Healey and John Lawler, reported to be American colonels, John Murphy, a head centre, who some time ago made his escape from the police at Kilrush, and a man named O'Donovan, who was imprisoned in Mountjoy Prison a year ago, was liberated and sent back to America, whence he had only recently returned. It is supposed he was en route to Killarney. At the hotel where he stopped his trunk was searched, and a six-barrelled revolver (every chamber loaded), a sword, sash, military cap, and a book for drill instruction were found in it. At Newcastle West, in the county of Limerick, arrests have also been made.

A despatch from Killarney states that ten peasants, suspected of having been out, were arrested in their houses at Kells. One of them was identified. Ten or twelve arrests are reported to have been made near Cahirciveen, but they are principally on suspicion. A telegram published in the *Evening Mail*, from Valentia, says: "The farmers are incensed against the Filibusters." Several persons, well dressed and of respectable appearance, were arrested in Sumner-hill, Dublin, on Monday.

The country round Killarney remains tranquil, and all the telegraph lines are in working order. None of the Fenian leaders have



INTERIOR OF AN IRISH CABIN IN KERRY. (See Page 41.)

yet been arrested. One hundred men of the 6th Regiment of Infantry arrived there on Monday. Ninety men of the 14th Regiment have been despatched on a special expedition to a place called Sneem, thirty-three miles to the south-west. This was done in accordance with orders from Dublin Castle. The authorities here

The Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Moriarty, has denounced Fenianism, and praised the people for not joining the movement. While he was speaking several young men left the church. The "Fenian chief, Captain Moriarty," is, it appears, no relation of the distinguished Roman Catholic bishop who presides over the diocese

have strong reasons to believe that James Stephens is now in this country, and that this was the head-centre's grand attempt at insurrection. Some gunboats have arrived in Kenmare river. The policeman who was shot and wounded by the Fenians is reported to be sinking.

The movements of that cunning scoundrel, James Stephens, who has continued to get himself dubbed Head Centre, have perplexed the public generally for some time past, but at this present moment of writing, we have it upon undoubted authority that he arrived at Brest by the *Ville de Paris* on Monday week.

In and about Cork the troops are still hunting the insurgents through the mountains, many of whom are Irish Americans, who landed on the coast dressed in Fenian uniform. Head Centre Murphy, Colonels Lawler, Healy, and Johnson have been arrested in Limerick. Important documents were found upon them. The rebels are dispersed through the mountains, seeking to secure their escape. The riflemen are scouring the country in pursuit.

Bodies of armed Fenians are reported to have been seen outside Tralee, which for a time renewed the local alarm. Troops have been forwarded to Skibbereen.

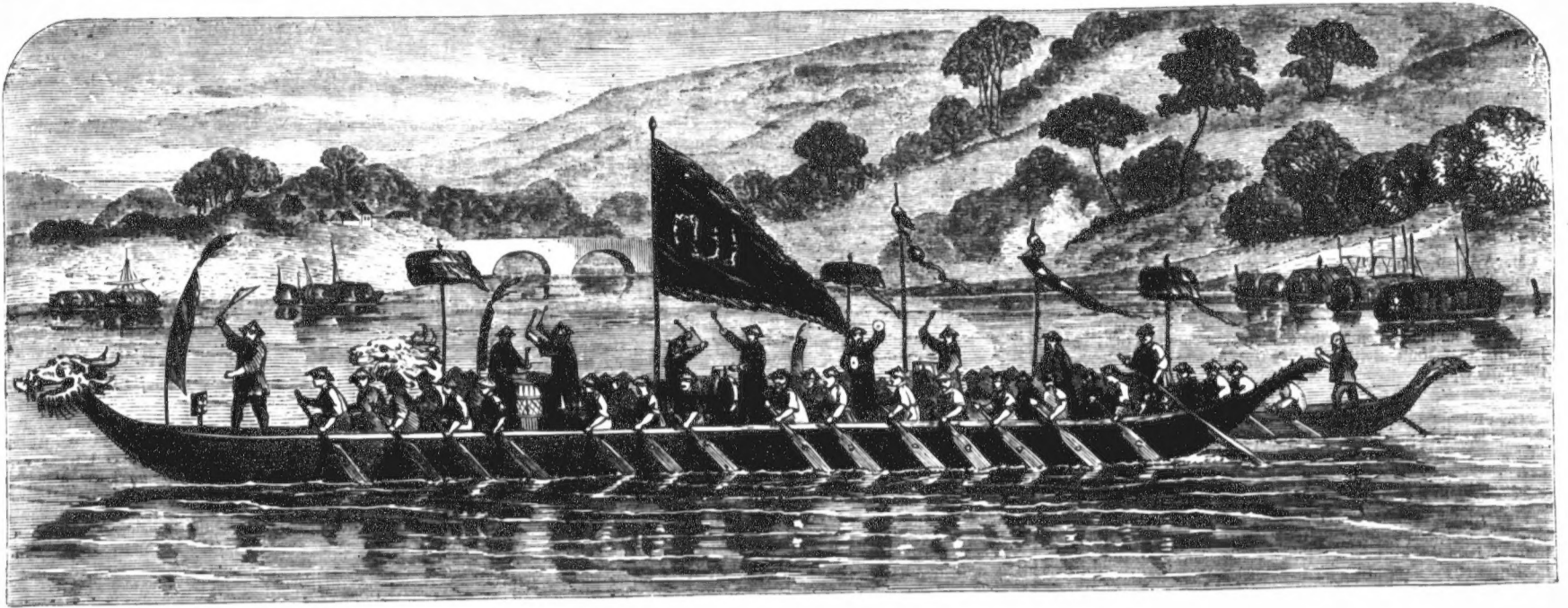
Telegraphic communication has been re-established to Valentia. Kerry is quiet, and none of the Fenian fugitives have been arrested. It is said that O'Connor and his staff have made their escape to a vessel which was seen lying off Dingle Bay, and is supposed to be a Fenian cruiser. The peasants seem afraid of the insurgents, and the troops who formed the searching parties have found great difficulty in obtaining food or information.

Captain Bowles, of the 60th Rifles, and about thirty volunteers, consisting of soldiers and constables, have performed the perilous duty of searching the Black Valley by night but without success. A few insurgents are supposed to be concealed in the demesne of the Macgillcuddy, and to have failed in escaping across the River Laune, which is greatly flooded.

Thirty-four persons were arrested in Dublin on the arrival of the Holyhead and Liverpool steamers, but only five have been detained.



IRISH MUD CABINS IN KERRY. (See Page 41.)



SKETCHES IN CHINA: SING-SONG BOAT.

of Kerry, nor of the respected rector of Tralee. Neither is he connected with any of the gentlemen of that name who have the honour to serve her Majesty in either the naval, military, or civil service. It has been stated that his real name is Shea.

A telegram from Killarney reports all quiet. A report is circulated, but not credited, that Stephens is in county Kerry. The military are very active, but no arrests have been made except on suspicion. The capture of the leaders in the late outbreak is expected.

At the commission court, Baron Fitzgerald sentenced Edward Power—so frequently described as "The Doctor"—and John Devon to fifteen years' penal servitude; Edward St. Clair, William Moore Stack, George Browne, Michael Stanley, and Thomas Barnes to ten years'; and Denis Cashman and J. Bennett Walsh to seven years' penal servitude.

The wounded policeman has slightly improved. General Horsford proceeds, with staff and escort, to Valentia on an inspection. The police-officer's sword, taken by Fenians at Cahirciveen, has been since exhibited by the Fenian General O'Connor as a trophy. The Government are said to be dissatisfied with the police management at Cahirciveen.

ART NOTES & SCIENTIFIC FACTS.

On Saturday the prizes won by the students of the Female School of Art, Queen-Square, were presented by Earl Granville. There was a numerous gathering of the students, their friends, and the patrons of art, in the fine apartment occupied by the Royal Society. The noble chairman was supported by Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., Professor Donaldson, Professor Westmacott, Mr. G. Godwin, Mr. H. Hopley White, the Rev. A. Bayler, and a number of influential friends of an institution, which, thanks to the energetic action of the respected principal, Miss Gann, is now assuming a position which will ensure permanent utility. Professor Donaldson read the report of the committee, congratulating their friends and the students on the accomplishment, practically, of long-sustained exertions, by the erection of a spacious and lofty gallery for the study of the antique, and extensive improvements in the original building in Queen-square. Another source of legitimate congratulation in the report was the large proportion of prizes won by the students in the national competition of all the schools of art in the kingdom, the proportion taken by the Female School of Art being one gold, one silver, and two bronze medals, with a prize of books. The gold medallist, Miss Alice Manly, was chosen by the Lords of

a gold medal for study of grapes from nature. The noble chairman made a brief address which was greeted with frequent applause.

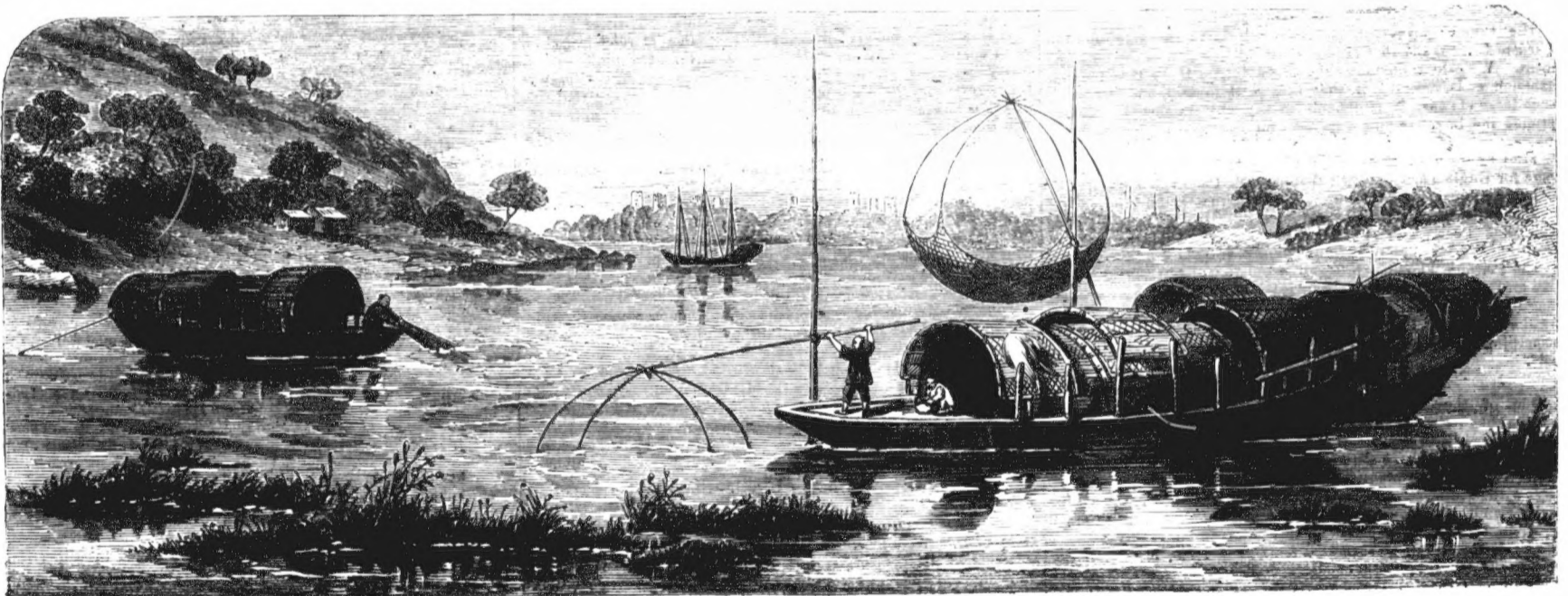
CHINESE SKETCHES.

The two characteristic Chinese sketches on page 45, representing a Chinese Sing-Song boat, and a Chinese fisherman at his avocation of catching fish need no description, as they in themselves express fully their nature.

The 1st battalion Scots Fusilier Guards arrived from Chester on Saturday night, 16th inst., and passed through London, playing their bagpipes, and exciting as much attention as though they were just returned from a campaign!

There having been considerable curiosity as to what the Government Reform Bill would turn out, we believe we are in a position to state that it will eventually turn out—Ministers.—*The Owl.*

We understand that the issue of a new sixpenny monthly magazine in the course of the year is contemplated by Messrs. Routledge.



SKETCHES IN CHINA: NATIVE FISHING BOAT.

The two illustrations, on page 44, represent 'the class of' cabins usually to be found in the disaffected districts, and especially in Kerry. The exteriors, for the most parts, are wretchedly dirty, as will be seen; while the interiors are held in common by the pigs, chickens, and, as an Irishman would say, "the other members of the family."

A suicide, attended by circumstances of much mystery, was perpetrated a few days since at Redman's Railway Hotel, Temple-gate, Bristol, and up to the present time all the efforts employed by the police to trace out the identity of the suicide have proved unavailing. About nine o'clock in the evening the deceased, a young lady of about 20 or 21 years of age, respectably dressed, and of prepossessing manners and appearance, came to the hotel, apparently from the train, and intimated her intention to remain for the night. Her only luggage consisted of a carpet-bag. She retired to bed, and next morning was found in a state of stupor, and a bottle which had contained laudanum was found in the room. A letter was also found, as follows:—"My dearest Sisters and Brothers,—I grieve to be the cause of so much anxiety to you, but do forgive me. You well know the cause of this. Your unhappy sister. Many thanks for all your kindness. My love to 'Lizzy.'"

the Committee of Council on Education for the second Princess of Wales scholarship. The practical application of the talents of the students is shown in one of them, Miss Margaretta Clarke, having designed the dress and veil of Honiton lace worn by the Princess Helena at her marriage, and by another, Miss Bryant, designing a lace flounce, which is to be sent to the Paris Exhibition. The only drawback to the satisfaction of the committee is that they have been compelled to incur a debt of £1,000, for the liquidation of which they anticipate the friendly assistance of the lovers of art. At the conclusion of the report, Professor Donaldson called up the young ladies who have gained honours in the several classes, and the noble chairman handed to each, with a few kindly words of congratulation and a cordial shake of the hand, the well-earned badges of distinction. Not the least satisfactory in the somewhat long series were three prizes presented by Messrs. Kindon and Powell, for designs in oilcloth, which were won by Miss Alice Bailey, Mrs. Stead, the third prize being equally divided between Miss Tills, Miss Wheeler Smith, and Miss M. J. Andrews. Medals and prizes presented to those students whose works were successful in the national competition were as follows: Mary Whiteman Webb, a book prize for outline from the east; Mary Julian, a bronze medal, for study of flowers; Catherine Banks, a bronze medal, for study of flowers; Alice Bailey, a silver medal, for elementary designs; Alice Manly,

The Custom House officials at Dover during the past month made the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman, who was in the habit of crossing the Channel twice a week in one of the mail packets on his way to Paris. He had suffered, as he said, from rheumatics, which had nearly bent him double, although otherwise he seemed in general good health, enjoyed his supper and grog (he always crossed the channel at night), was very attentive to the lady passengers, and altogether was looked upon as rather a jolly sort of fellow. About a fortnight since this individual, who went by the name of Walter Barry, landed at Dover by the Calais mail, and, while waiting for the train which was to carry him to London, took refreshment at an hotel not a hundred miles from the Lord Warden, where he accidentally left a small square parcel, neatly tied and carefully sealed. Little notice was taken of this, and in about five minutes the gentleman returned in an apparently excited state, and demanded the package, which was immediately given him. He had thirty seconds to catch the London train, and with a rapidity which fairly astonished those who had been used to see Mr. Barry glide slowly along by the aid of a stick, he ran towards the train, and entered his compartment as nimbly as a hare. The portrait of Mr. Stephens has recently been shown to those who knew Mr. Barry, and they think that they have seen and spoken to the Fenian Head Centre.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

The Living Miniatures are re-engaged at the Haymarket Theatre until the 28th instant.

The Menken is not content with her success as a mime, and is "cramping" in order to take a French speaking-part.

Mr. Falconer's drama at the Haymarket has been postponed for the present. *Diamonds and Hearts* is to be produced immediately.

An old schoolfellow of Rossini at Bologna, M. Francois-Joseph Meissner, well known in the world of science, has just died, age 74.

M. Arnault, the spirited director of the Paris Hippodrome, is arranging for a series of Electric Light Fetes in that magnificent scena, during the Exhibition.

There is no foundation for the report given currency to by several journals, that Mdle. Bettelheim and Herr Wachtel are engaged at the Paris Opera.

The prolonged cold of M. Faure and the illness of Mdle. Sasse have delayed the rehearsals of *Don Carlos*. It is expected that the first performance of this work will take place on Monday, the 25th inst.

The winter season at Carlsruhe has been inaugurated by *Astorga*, which, preceded by its great success at Stuttgart, has not been so warmly received at Carlsruhe. Doubtless the feebleness of the poem went far to modify public admiration.

A kind of private rehearsal has been held in Paris of *Don Carlos*. Verdi called together the *chef d'orchestre* and three trombones (!) who alone went through the five acts of the opera, with closed doors.

An attempt has been made by an ex-comedian, M. Ballande, to establish a *Théâtre des Réfugiés* at the Salle Herz. The result was a conviction that the gentlemen who had "refused" the pieces produced were benefactors to humanity, and it is said that they are to be placed on the lists for the next Prix Monthyon.

Mr. Ira Aldridge, the African Roscius, is making a most successful tour through France. Ligier, the great tragedian, is loud in his praise. Mr. Aldridge has already played in about forty towns of *première classe*, and will be in Paris, where he will give *Othello* at the Porte St. Martin, at the beginning of the ensuing month.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is in Paris, making arrangements for the production of two "new and original" (?) plays. May their appearance prove that our query is unwarranted, but until that time we must confess ourselves suspicious at receiving such an announcement from our great dramatist in Paris.

The Emperor and Empress, who were present on the 1st inst. at the Vaudeville to witness the representation of the *Maison Neuve*, have forwarded through the medium of the Chamberlain, a splendid bracelet to Mademoiselle Forgeuil, the principal actress in Victor Sardou's piece. The other day their Majesties were present at the Porte St. Martin to see the *Bossu*.

The rumour goes that M. Strakosch is in treaty to take the Théâtre Italien, and that Mdle. Patti will join him in the management. We cannot guarantee the probability. If Patti is making as much as is reported at that theatre at present, and attracting such large crowds, it is difficult to say why she should resign so prolific and lucrative an engagement for the cares of management.

Miss Laura Harris is engaged at the Italiens. In the present rage for English artists which characterises Paris she may succeed, despite infantile qualifications. Strange that English art should be represented across the Channel by Miss Harris, Miss Menken, and Miss Pearl; and stranger still that all should prove successful!

The Pergola, Florence, brought out a new ballet, *Adriana*, which like any other ballet, means display of devils, witches, cascades, masks, and legs, and is madly applauded for an astonishing *pas cut* by Beretta in it. It is a sort of kicking, in mid-air, slantingly at something invisible. Yet it is not ungraceful, and is certainly bold.

One of the most popular actresses at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, has retired from the stage on the occasion of her approaching marriage with a Prince of Thurn and Taxis, one of whose brothers is married to a sister of the Empress of Austria. Another brother, who was adjutant to the King of Bavaria, eloped the other day with a celebrated actress from Munich, and married her in Switzerland.

M. Jondières' *Sardanapale* was at last given on Friday week at the Lyrique. The press success is remarkable; but, in spite of the opinions of the colleagues of MM. Jondières of *La Patrie*, and Guerault of *L'Opinion Nationale*, the father and uncle of the composer, it is said that this aspiring musician is not the new Mozart so loudly heralded by his friends. Some good points, but many weak ones. "Go back to school!" *Voilà ce que l'on dit*.

A singular accident occurred a few nights back in the theatre of Perpingnan (Pyrenees-Orientales) during the representation of the *Canotiers de la Seine*. At the end of the first act, when a number of the performers had entered a boat and are supposed to be about to start for Bougival, the men in the slips, who were to haul them across the stage, jerked the rope so violently, that the actors and actresses were thrown down in a heap, and one of the latter, Mdle. Leontine, had her arm broken in the fall.

It is understood that M. Delle-Sedie, the eminent baritone, has been offered by the Ministère des Beaux Arts the place of Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire, rendered vacant by the death of M. Paulin Lespinasse. The same post had been offered to M. Delle-Sedie two or three years ago when M. Fontana resigned; but at that time Delle-Sedie declined, on account of his heavy duties at the Italiens. We believe that he has accepted the flattering renewal of the offer, and that he will commence his class next week.

The International Theatre which is to be a prominent feature of the Paris Exhibition, and in the construction of which swarms of men are still engaged, will, when completed, be capable of accommod-

dating an audience of upwards of one thousand persons. Here, it is reported, plays in various languages will be performed in the course of the Exhibition season. The decorations of this theatre, which are to be unusually magnificent and elegant, will, it is said, be the work of different exhibitors.

An account from Tournay speaks of an accident which happened a few nights since to Mdle. Dejaset during a performance. She was running across the stage with all the buoyancy of fifteen, when her foot caught in the train of one of the actresses. She fell heavily, her head coming in contact with one of the side scenes. She was taken up in a fainting state, and was found to be slightly cut on the cheek and chin. After a short rest, however, she came forward and relieved the anxiety of the spectators, who testified their satisfaction by enthusiastic plaudite.

At the end of last month an opera-house was put up in an American lottery and won by a countryman. The scheme had its rise from the misfortunes of one Crosby, a citizen of Cincinnati, who expended all his fortune in building an opera-house. Having failed, he sought to extricate himself from debt by putting up the opera-house as a prize in a lottery; several hundred pictures were also among the prizes. Crosby sold tickets to the amount of 1,050,000 dollars. The opera-house was won by a miller residing in Illinois, who held ticket No. 58,600. The miller has re-sold the building to Crosby for 200,000 dollars, so that the original owner still retains his costly theatre, besides having a cash surplus of 850,000 dollars. Not a bad speculation!

A sadly diverting piece of news has reached us, which, if true, has no doubt permanently closed the theatrical career of Cora Pearl rather abruptly. Before placing our implicit faith in the truth of so important a statement, we should prefer to have it confirmed. Here it is as we have received it:—An enthusiastic German admirer of the notorious English anonyma, having wished to *encore* one of her songs the other evening, cried out what he intended to be "*bis*!" but his Teutonic accent made it sound "*Biche! biche!*" *En revanche*, there has been a storm of virtuous indignation at the Bouffes Parisiens. A few young men there joined their hisses, and produced so strong a demonstration against Cora Pearl, that she has ceded her place to Mdle. Marie Petit, who will take the part of Cupidon. People are asking what they have gained by the change.

In our last week's impression we had no space for the following excellent story, which is so good that we now somewhat tardily remedy our omission:—Mr. Buckstone has dared to "beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall." In other words he appeared in Cheltenham, the abode of the Rev. Dr. Walker, a truculent divine, who, it will be remembered, lately stigmatised the theatre as "a robber's den and the antechamber of hell." The opportunity of a friendly return blow was too good to throw away; and so Mr. Buckstone put up *The Serious Family*. In this play a lady has to say she intends going to a ball. "A ball!" exclaims Mr. *Aminadab Sleek*—"an abomination!" "And to-morrow," added the lady (this was the gas) "we are going to the theatre." "A theatre!" exclaimed Mr. Buckstone in his most sanctimonious accent, "do you know what a theatre is? A robber's den and the antechamber of perdition!" The house vigorously cheered the gag, and when *Captain Murphy Maguire* annotated the remark with "Walker!" the laughter was prolonged. It will be observed that in this retort Mr. Buckstone did not emulate the coarseness of the preacher, but was fastidious even in quoting his adversary.

It is generally believed that the unreasonable interdiction placed on M. Ponsard's *Galilee* is withdrawn, and that the play will be introduced after all to Parisian audiences. M. Louis Ulbach is justly severe on the whole affair.—"I read," he says, "that this drama is now authorised, and am more humiliated by the authorisation than the prohibition which preceded it. To permit *Galilee* is only to permit a common right, and when we get the drama we should accept it as our due, not as a favour. But we have in France such an excessive love of ultra-liberalism without the real innate notion of what it means, that actually some of us who are pleased with the license to play *Galilee*, accorded to M. Ponsard are in the same breath purple with indignation because the same authority which controlled and permitted the Academician's muse, should not at once have stopped Mdle. Cora Pearl from contributing a little talent and a great deal of leg towards the Parisian stage. These same people are, moreover, astonished that the upper classes should be expected to pass their evenings in philosophical discussion and literary reunions. No," concludes M. Ulbach, "all this is very absurd. Interdiction can only deal with ideas—and Mdle. Cora Pearl is merely an *artiste de l'oeil*." M. Geoffroy is cast for the part of *Galileo*, and *Galileo's* wife and daughter will be represented by Mesdames Guyon and Favart.

We learn from Constantinople that the Sultan has given orders for the immediate retrenchment of the Imperial household. The picturesque body guard, consisting of two representatives of the different races under Ottoman rule, wearing the costumes of their districts, has been disbanded, and nearly 300 hangers-on of different grades have notice to quit. This sudden fit of economy will, it is hoped, be extended to other branches of the public service. The fete of Kadir Guindam (the presentation of an additional beauty for the Imperial harem) was celebrated on the 1st. The rain spoiled the pyrotechnic display.—The movement of Joseph Karam is at an end. He has been induced to leave Syria and take up his residence in Algeria.—The preparations for an extended revolutionary movement in Epirus and Thessaly in the ensuing spring are being carried out on a very extended scale. Large supplies of arms and munitions are being brought into the country, and the movement is extending to Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Turkish troops will have plenty of work cut out for them. An impression gains ground that there may yet be a rupture between Turkey and Greece, which will be the signal for a general rising of the provinces above named.—Mr. Lampton has arrived in Constantinople from the United States to arrange for a supply of new breech-loading arms.—The carnival season has been very brilliant this year at Pera, though there have been no balls either at the Austrian or Russian legations.—In consequence of the increasing ravages of the cattle disease in Roumelia the price of meat has advanced 25 per cent. in Constantinople.—Letters from Damascus announce the arrival there of the great annual caravan from Bagdad consisting of 2,500 camels, one-half of which were laden with *toubeki* (the tobacco which is used for nargiles), while the remainder carried the travellers. This year the desert is reported to have been perfectly quiet; no attempt has been made to molest any traveller, and the caravan passed without encountering any difficulty.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

AFTER a trial that has lasted eight days, the special jury summoned to decide whether baby John Hamp was the son of his father John Hamp have been unable to agree, and, consequently, all this public time has been occupied without anything being gained in the result. In all probability another special jury will be summoned, and another eight days occupied in trying this question over again, and with equal likelihood of no definite conclusion being arrived at after all. If the litigants themselves would take our advice, they would try and come to some arrangement. Looking at the whole of the evidence, which is, no doubt, very contradictory on both sides, we still think that the balance is in favour of the infant plaintiff, and that the jury could not have been wrong in deciding in his favour. At any rate, we do hope to hear no more of Hamp v. Robinson blocking up the way against all other business in the Court of Common Pleas being done for upwards of a week.

At the THAMES COURT, James Bradshaw, alias Browning, alias Carter, was charged on remand with conspiring with Charles Ross and John Layland to obtain 1,400,000 bricks, valued at £1,365, from Mr. John Peed, a solicitor and brickmaker, of Whittlesea, Cambridgeshire.—The prisoner, who has been several times convicted, took an office in the Commercial-road, Limehouse, alongside the Regent's Canal Basin, and published cards, inscribed "Bradshaw and Co., wharfingers, No. 1, Regent's Canal Basin, and at Five Bells Wharf, commission agents for every description of cast and wrought iron, metal, steel, &c. Goods landed and carted." An order was sent to Mr. Peed for 1,400,000 bricks, at 13s. 6d. the thousand, to be sent to London at the rate of 50,000 weekly. The prisoner named Ross and Layland, the persons charged with conspiring with him, as his "references," said he had done a large amount of business with them. A house had been taken for Ross in the Englefield-road, and for Layland in the De Beauvoir-road, both in Kingsland. Mr. Peed forwarded 116,000 bricks by rail to the prisoner, whose father-in-law received them, and then sold them to various builders. Mr. Peed not getting his money, his London agents made enquiries about Ross, Layland, and Co., which resulted in the prisoner being invited to meet Mr. Peed at his solicitor's office, where several questions were put to the prisoner, the answers to which were anything else than satisfactory. A few days afterwards the prisoner shut up his office, and Ross and Layland soon followed him example, forgetting to pay their rent in their haste. It was proved that a clerk employed by the prisoner wrote the order for the bricks, also that another clerk in his employ wrote the recommendatory note signed by Ross and forwarded to Mr. Peed, whereupon they were committed.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. BENNETT, JUN.

"Off Cowes, Dec. 31, 1866.
"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS—At Lord Lennox's dinner, on Friday last, you were pleased to match your yacht, the *Vitting*, to sail the *Henrietta* around the Isle of Wight, next August, for a cup worth £100. I would not say so then, because I was bound to make the match proposed; but, in fact, this arrangement will somewhat interfere with the disposition which I had determined to make of my yacht in case she should win the ocean race. I beg that you will accept as a New Year's gift to an English yachtsman from an American yachtsman, the *Henrietta*, as she now lies in perfect order off Cowes, and I have instructed Captain Samuels to hold her subject to your orders. The unbounded hospitality with which the American yachtsmen have been received by all classes in England will always be remembered in the United States with the warmest gratitude; and I sincerely hope that you will not deprive me of the opportunity of acknowledging this most cordial reception by presenting the winning yacht to the representative of English yachtsmen.—I have the honour to remain, very respectfully yours,
J. G. BENNETT, JUN."

"Clarence House, Jan. 22, 1867.
"DEAR MR. BENNETT—I find it difficult to express how gratefully I appreciate the kindly feeling which dictated your letter of the 31st ult., as well as the splendid present which you offer to my acceptance, but most of all the delicacy with which you seek to diminish the personal obligation under which you would lay me by giving to your generous offer an international character. It is, indeed, this last consideration only which has led me to hesitate in replying to your letter, for personally it would have been impossible for me to accept so costly a present; but I feel bound fully to consider the question in the light in which you were good enough to place it, and if on full consideration I feel compelled to decline your generous offer, I trust that neither you nor your gallant competitors, nor your countrymen at large, will believe that the yachtsmen of England less appreciate or less reciprocate, the feeling of good fellowship which prompted the offer. The *Henrietta* is a vessel which any man may feel proud to possess, and I trust she may long continue in the hands in which she has accomplished so triumphant a success. We must try to find a rival to her, and do our best in common with all Englishmen. I sincerely hope that such friendly rivalry may be the only description of contest in which our respective countries may ever be engaged. It has given us great pleasure to offer a cordial reception to you and your companions in England, and I feel assured that, if my professional duties in command of one of her Majesty's ships should ever take me to your shores, I should there meet on the part of my brother seamen with a reception not less hearty than that which we have been happy to afford you here.—Believe me, yours sincerely,
(Signed) "ALFRED."

A Washington paper, the reported organ of President Johnson, threatens that if the Radicals persevere in their present course, he will arm his supporters in the army and navy. As the Radicals would no doubt resist, a civil war would be thus commenced. It is to be hoped that these threats are merely empty bluster. A large part of both the army and navy would, no doubt, in the event of violence, adhere to the Radicals, and the conflict commenced under these circumstances would be even more sanguinary than the late disastrous contest.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest, it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation, it regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. Office, 205, High Holborn, London. [ADVERTISEMENT.]

A FENIAN HOAX.

On Tuesday evening last a telegram was received by Mr. Hickling, the superintendent of police, at Warwick, with the startling intelligence that a body of Fenians had left London by the evening express train on the Great Western line, for the purpose of carrying out a raid on the town of Warwick. The telegram was authenticated by the sender's name and address. Of course, information so important as this was not to be entirely disregarded, and, although a hoax was suspected, yet it was deemed prudent to bring the matter under the notice of the authorities, and institute inquiries. To this end a communication was forwarded to the Mayor and ex-Mayor, and ultimately Captain R. D. Vaughan was sent for, and assisted in advising what measures should be adopted, either to repel the threatened invaders, or suppress any disturbance which might take place. On the requisition of the town authorities, Mr. Chilton, the manager at the Great Western Station, sent a telegram to Oxford, asking the officials there to examine the express train, and report as to the number and character of the passengers. The reply was confirmatory to the telegram on the material point. There was a party of men in the train; they had left London, and were all booked for Warwick. The greatest anxiety now began to be felt, and not a few, who had from the beginning looked upon the affair as the practical joke of some mischievous Cockney, grew nervous, and thought of little else but the sacking of the militia stores, and the destruction of the castle. The permanent staff of the 1st Warwick Militia were ordered under arms, and held themselves in readiness for any emergency, and an officer was sent on to Leamington to await the arrival of the express, about which there was so much business. At Leamington, passengers for Warwick, Stratford-upon-Avon have to "change," in consequence of the train not stopping after leaving Leamington station until it arrives in Birmingham. This would give the officer an excellent opportunity for reconnoitering the invading party, and besides ascertaining their numerical strength, he might chance to pick an accidental bit of conversation which would discover their plan of attack, as well as the object they had in view. Accordingly, when the express arrived, the officer in question, accompanied by Mr. Lund, superintendent of the Leamington police, took up his position on the platform, anxious to discover the Fenian party. The doors of the carriages having been opened by the obliging porters, out they stepped, one by one, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. Reports somewhat vary as to their personal appearance, but all agree in representing them as stalwart men, whom it would be slightly dangerous to encounter in a hand-to-hand combat. They carried with them bags, probably ammunition, which was to spread death throughout the town of Warwick before morn. They resorted to the refreshment room, and partook of strong potations, as desperate men generally do when engaged in desperate business. There could now be no mistake that the telegram was a timely and a friendly warning of some unknown loyal subject of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, to whom the burgesses of Warwick owed a debt of gratitude which could never be fully repaid. But before the train left Leamington for Warwick, these visions of sacking and murder began to dissolve and give way to more congenial anticipations. Approaching closer and closer to these men it was found that these men spoke not of arms and treasures, but chatted freely of bounds and hares, and discussed with the relish of an English sportsman the prospects of the Wellesbourne Coursing Meeting, which opened at Wellesbourne yesterday. In a moment the whole thing was transparent. These men had left London to attend this meeting, and some "friend" had played a prank upon them by telegraphing to the police at Warwick, describing them as Fenians, and advising that they should be closely watched. Probably the sender of the message never anticipated throwing a peaceful town into a state of great excitement, but he doubtless intended that his friends should be closely watched, and their footsteps dogged by the local police. When the train reached Warwick, these men betook themselves to their quarters, where they were well known, and a hearty laugh they had on hearing that they had been looked for, and that the militia staff was under arms, prepared to give them a warm reception as Fenians. The excitement in the town gradually subsided on these facts becoming known, and by twelve o'clock the streets, which had been somewhat thronged in the earlier part of the night, were clear, the people having returned to their homes with a feeling of thankfulness that they had been delivered from the Fenians.

The Black Eagle arrived at Valentia on Wednesday. The Gladiator is the only other vessel there. Soldiers are being despatched to several out stations to protect the constabulary in posting the legal notices proclaiming the county. The wires between this place and Killarney were again broken this morning, but were repaired after a few hours' delay. There are military patrols on the road between Killarney and Caherciveen.

Fifty English immigrants recently arrested were on Wednesday discharged, and returned by steamer immediately.

A communication in the *Freeman* states that Stephens is in Paris, and that Mitchell is the new C. C. C.

Later news from Killarney states that the

orderly is sinking. No arrests have been made to-day. The search continues. The telegraph wires have been cut in several places.

The correspondent of a Cork paper has been committed by Government order for attempting to forward a telegram imputing disaffection to the military, and singing Fenian songs.

OUR WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of the late General Lord Goughly has just been read. There are several bequests, some of which are of somewhat eccentric character. To his valet who has faithfully dyed his lordship's whiskers for many years he leaves the sum of 3s. 6d. payable weekly for the purpose of buying a bottle of Roland's Kalydor. To his cook he leaves a handsome gold tooth-pick. To his oldest housemaid several very good tooth-brushes that have done the family much service for several years. To the editor of a well known sporting paper a handsome pair of curling-tongs. To the chief of the London Fire Brigade a very handsome water-can which has been in toilet use for a long period. To the policeman who did duty for some time near his lordship's mansion a weekly legacy of mutton for having never been caught on the wrong side of the area railings. To the beadle of the parish his military cocked-hat to be worn in lieu of his present head-dress.

It is to be feared that this very extraordinary will is likely to cause much litigation, as only clause therein it is said gives to each of the present subscribers to the *Illustrated London News* ten pounds at the end of the present year. It is reported that the health of his lordship is certainly fabulous; but as the sum required to carry out this bequest will certainly be upwards of a million sterling, it is feared that the appanage of the present Lord Goughly will be somewhat impoverished.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.—Every feeling mind will appreciate the heavy loss that has fallen on the domestic circle of the Dowager Lady Pugnell. Her ladyship's favourite dog died on the night of the 19th inst. On Sunday last it appears that the sagacious animal dined at his lordship's table, and with a touching confidence in Lady Pugnell's discretion and palate, was induced to take as one of the dishes a little devilled whitebait. It is painful to record that during the wagging of his faithful tail the large amount of pepper seasoning that dish contained induced him to sneeze, and thereby caused dislocation of the spine. Physicians were called in, but we are grieved to say, after every effort of medical skill the dog expired deeply lamented by his mistress. The poor favourite had many virtues, and not the least of these was that no beggar or poor looking person was ever allowed to approach the house after the vigilant animal had caught sight of him.

PRECAUTION AGAINST THIEVES.—At the present inclement season, all householders in possession of large quantities of plate, should leave their doors wide open, as this plan will prevent their houses being broken into. Cigars and brandy and water should be placed on the dining-room table, as then the depredators may be tempted not to go to the sideboard. If comfortable beds with well-aired linen could be provided this would afford the burglar a great temptation to rest his over-worked body; and by this means, after giving him his breakfast in "his own room," he might be introduced to the attention of a sympathising magistrate in the morning.

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On February 28 the selection will comprise Madrigals and Part-Songs, and will include Mendelssohn's Psalm for Double Choir, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?" Soloist—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.
On April 4 the usual Lenten Concert will be given, on which occasion will be performed Mendelssohn's Eight-part Psalm, "Judge me, O God!" Mendelssohn's Anthem, "Hear my Prayer," and other unaccompanied compositions. Soloists—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Cummings.

The arrangements for the May Concert will be shortly completed, and further engagements announced as early as possible.

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On Wednesday evening, February 13, at St. James's hall, Mr. Henry Leslie will give a performance of Mendelssohn's "Antigone." The remaining portion of the programme will be selected from the works of Mendelssohn, and will include the Italian Symphony; the overture, *Ruy Blas*; and the concerto for the violin, for which Herr Joachim has been engaged. The band will comprise the most distinguished instrumentalists of the metropolis. In order to give due effect to the music of Antigone, the chorus will number 240 male voices, consisting of the members of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, the Royal Italian Opera, and the leading musical societies of London.

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